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& Perfect.
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The Wedding.

As it was lately Acted by her Maiesties *Seruants, at the Phenix in Drury Lane.*

First Edition.

WRITTEN

By IAMES SHIRLEY, *Gent.*

Horat.——*Multaq; pars mei*
Vitabit Libitinam——

LONDON.

Printed for *John Grove*, and are to be sold at his shop at *Fur nivalls* Inne Gate in *Holborne*. 1629.

5 ab

The Actors names.

Sir *Iohn Belfare.*	*Richard Perkins.*
Beauford, a passionate louer of *Gratiana.*	*Michael Bowyer.*
Marwood friend to *Beauford.*	*Iohn Sumpner.*
Rawbone a thin Citizen.	*William Robins.*
Lodam a fat Gentle-man.	*William Sherlocke.*
Iustice *Landby.*	*Anthony Turner.*
Captaine *Landby.*	*William Allin.*
Isaac, Sir *Iohns* man.	*William Wilbraham.*
Hiuer a yong Gentle-man, louer of Mistresse *Iane.*	*Iohn Yong.*
Cameleon, *Rawbones* man.	*Iohn Dobson.*
Physition. Surgeon.	
Keeper. Seruants.	

Gratiana, Sir *Iohns* Daughter.	*Hugh Clarke.*
Iane, Iustice *Landbys* daughter.	*Iohn Page.*
Milisent, *Cardonaes* daughter.	*Edward Rogers.*
Cardona.	*Tymothy Read.*

TO

TO THE RIGHT
Worſhipfull *William Gowre*,
Eſquire.

IR, I know you, and in that your worth, which I honor more then greatneſſe in a Patron: This Comedy comming forth to take the ayre in Summer, deſireth to walke vnder your ſhaddow. The World oweth a perpetuall remembrance to your name, for excellency in the Muſicall Arte of Poeſie, and your ſingular iudgement and affection to it, haue encouraged me to this Dedication, in which I cannot tranſgreſſe beyond your Candor. It hath paſſed the Stage; and I doubt not but from you, it ſhall receiue a kinde welcome, ſince you haue beene pleaſ'd to acknowledge the Author.

Yours.

IAMES SHIRLEY.

To his learned and much reſpected friend, Mr. *Iames Shirley*, vpon his Wedding.

AN inforc'd rapture, and high ſwelling phraſe
Doth onely gaudy ignorance amaze;
Conceites that yeelde iudicious Writers glory,
Enrich the beauty of thy Comicke Story:
Loues paſſion in ſmooth numbers is deſcride,
Such as becomes the ſoftneſſe of a Bride.
I want a Poëts aëry ſoule, to giue
Due prayſes to thy lines, which ſhall out-liue
The Crittickes ſpleene, the Atheiſts impious ieſt;
A modeſt pen becomes the Muſes beſt,
And ſuch is thine, as thy faire Wedding ſhowes,
Who Crownes thee not, a debt to knowledge owes.

Edmond Colles.

To his worthy Friend Mr. *Shirley*, vpon his *Nuptiall Comedy.*

IS *Beaumont* dead? or ſlept he all this while,
To teach the World the want of his ſmooth ſtile?
If he be dead, that part of him Diuine
By tranſmigration of his ſoule is thine:
High is thy fancy, yet thy ſtraine ſo ſweete,
Death would be lou'd in ſuch a winding ſheete:
This Wedding needes no Offering, and thy worth
Is aboue flattery, to ſet thee forth:
From whoſe rich Muſe thus Wedded, we ſhall ſee
Many faire Children borne to Poëſie.

Robert Haruey.

In Hymeneum Ingenioſſimi
Iacobi Shirley.

Dies fugaci deſiliunt pede
Nec vrna cuiquam parcit, at improbæ
Viuit ſuperſtes fama morti,
Nec gelidum metuit ſepulchrum.
O qui iugales flauus Hymen toros
Ambis, coruſcâ iam nitidus togâ
Incede, Shirleiana lauru,
Perpetuos tibi dat triumphos.
Phœbus ſacratâ vellit ab arbore
Ramum, modeſtas quo decoret comas
Additq; vatem Laureatis
Sideribus, numerumq; claudit.

SPread faire thou growing Tree, with which in vaine
The windes do wraſtle: Blemiſh'd with the ſtaine
Of impure life, ſome by Atheiſticke rimes,
And witty ſurfeits, force theſe ruder times
To fond amazement; but thy faire defence
Reſts in cleare Arte, and ſecure Innocence.
As thou, thy Muſe is chaſt, on which no Rape
VVas ere by thee committed, Learnings Ape
Is franticke imitation; and the Bough
That Crownes ſuch VVriters, withers on their brow:
I gratulate thy *wedding*; Loue doth guide
My friendly Muſe, thus to ſalute thy *Bride*.

William Habington.

To my deſeruing friend Mr. *Iames Shirley*, vpon *his Comedy, the Wedding.*

THOu need'ſt not, friend, that any man for thee,
Should to the World put in ſecurity.
Thy Comedy is good; 'twill paſſe alone,
And faire enough, without this ribbands ſhowne
Vpon the fore-head on't: if high rayſ'd paſſion
Temper'd with harmeleſſe mirth, in ſuch ſweet faſhion,
And with ſuch harmony, as may inuite
Two faculties of ſoule, and both delight
Deſerue an approbation, in mine eye,
Such in iuſt value is this Comedy.

Tho. May.

Of this Ingenious Comedy the *Wedding.*
To Mr. Iames Shirley *the Author.*

THE Bonds are equall, and the Marriage fit,
Where iudgement is the *Bride*, the *Husband* wit;
Wit hath begot, and iudgement hath brought forth
A noble iſſue, of delight, and worth,
Growne in this Comedy to ſuch a ſtrength
Of ſweete perfection, as that not the length
Of dayes, nor rage of mallice, can haue force
To ſue a nullity, or worke diuorce
Betweene this well trim'd *Wedding*, and loud Fame,
Which ſhall in euery age, renew thy Name.

Iohn Ford.

The Wedding.

Actus Primi. Scœna Prima.

Enter Sir Iohn Belfare, *and* Isaac *his man, ſeruants bringing in Proviſion.*

Belfare.

WEll done my Maſters, yee beſtirre your ſelues, I ſee we ſhall feaſt to morrow.

Ser. Your worſhip ſhall want no Wood-cocke at the Wedding.

Isa. Thou haſt as many as thou canſt carry, and thirteene to the laſt dozen.

Bel. Isaac.

Isa. Sir.

Bel. Haue you beene carefull, to inuite thoſe friends, you had direction for?

Isa. Yes ſir, I haue beene a continuall motion euer ſince I roſe,

I haue not sayd my prayers to day.

Bel. We shall want no guests then.

Isa. I haue commanded most on'em.

Bel. How sir?

Isa. I ha'bid 'em sir, there's two in my list, will not fayle to dine w'ee.

Bel. Who are they?

Isa. Master *Rawbone*, the yong vsurer.

Bel. Oh hees reported a good Trencher-man,
He has a tall stomacke, he shall be welcome.

Isa. They say, he has made an Obligation to the Diuell, if euer he eate a good meale at his owne charge, his soule is forfeit.

Bel. How does he liue liue?

Isa. Vpon his mony sir.

Bel. He does not eate it.

Isa. No the Diuell choake him, it were a golden age, if all the Vsurers in *London* should ha'no other dyet; hee has a thingut waytes vpon him, I thinke, one of his bastards, begot vppon a spider, I hope to liue, to see 'em both drawne through a ring.

Bel. Who is the other?

Isa. The other may be knowne too, the barrell at *Heidelberg* was the patterne of his belly, Master *Lodam* sir.

Bel. Hee's a great man indeede.

Isa. Something giuen to the waste, for he liues within no reasonable compasse I'm sure.

Bel. They will be well met.

Isa. But very ill matcht to draw a Coach, yet at prouender, there wilbe scarce an Oate betweene the leane Iade, and the fat Gelding.

Bel. How liues he?

Isa. Religiously sir; for hee that seedes well, must by consequence liue well, hee holds none can be dam'd but leane men, for fat men he sayes must needes bee sau'd by the faith of their body.

Enter Mr Beauford, *and Captaine* Landby.

Bel. Mr. *Beauford* and Captayne *Landby*: *Isaac*, call forth my Daughter.

Bean.

Bean. Sir *Iohn*, I hope you make no ſtranger of me,
To morrow, I ſhall change my title for
Your ſonne, ſoone as the holy rites ſhall make me
The happy husband to your daughter, in the meane time
It will become me wayte on her.

Bel. I poſſeſſe nothing but in truſt for thee,
Gratiana makes all thine.

Cap. I ſhall preſume to follow.

Bel. Your friendſhip noble Captaine to Mr. *Beauford*,
Makes your perſon moſt welcome,
Had you no other merit, pray enter. *Exe. Bea. & Cap.*
Heauen hath already crownd my gray hayres!
I liue to ſee my daughter married
To a noble husband, the enuye of our time,
And exact patterne of a Gentleman,
As hopefull as the Spring, I am growne proud,
Euen in my age. *Exit.*

Enter Marwood.

Mar. Doſt heare ſirra?

Iſa. I ſirra.

Mar. Is Maſter *Beauford* within?

Iſa. No ſir.

Mar. I was inform'd he came hither, is he not here?

Iſa. Yes ſir.

Mar. Thou ſayſt he's not within.

Iſ. No ſir, but tis very like he wilbe to morrow night ſir.

Mar. How is this?

Iſ. Would you haue him be within before he is married.

Mar. Witty Groome, prethee inuite him forth; ſay here's a friend

Iſ. Now you talke of inuiting, I haue two or three gueſts to inuite yet: let me ſee.

Mar. Why doſt not mooue?

Iſ. And you make much adoe, ile inuite you: pray come to the *Wedding* to morrow. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Iohn Belfare, Beauford, *and Captaine.*

Bel. Tis hee.

Bea. You were my happy prospect from the window, Cooſe you are a moſt welcome gueſt.

Bel. Mr. *Marwood*, you haue beene a great ſtranger to the City, or my houſe for the courſe entertaynement you receiu'd, hath beene vnworthy of your viſit.

Mar. Twas much aboue my deſert ſir: Captayne.

Cap. I congratulate your returne.

Bel. Beauford, Gentlemen enter my houſe,
And perfect your embraces there: I lead the way. *Exit.*

Bea. Pray follow.

Mar. Your pardon.

Cap. We know you haue other habit,
You were not wont to affect ceremony. *Mar. &*

Bea. How? *Bea whiſper.*

Cap. I do not like his preſent countenance,
It does threaten ſomewhat; I wo'd not propheſie.

Bea. Good *Captayne*,
Excuſe my abſence to our friends within,
I haue affayres concernes me with my kinſman,
Which done, we both returne to wayte on 'em.

Cap. I ſhall ſir.

Bea. Now proceed.

Mar. We are kinſmen.

Bea. More we are friends.

Mar. And ſhall I doubt to ſpeak to *Beauford* any thing,
My loue directs me to?

Bea. What needs this circumſtance?
Wee were not wont to talke at ſuch a diſtance,
You appeare wild.

Ma. I haue beene wilde indeede
In my vngouernd youth, but ha' reclaimd it,
And am to laden with the memory of former errours,
That I deſire to be confeſt.

Bea. Confeſt? I am no Goſſip father.

Ma.

Ma. But you muſt heare, you may abſolue mee too:
Bea. If thou haſt any diſcontentments prethee take other time
For their diſcourſe, I am in expectation of Marriage,
I would not interrupt my ioyes.
Ma. I muſt require your preſent hearing,
It concernes vs both, as neere as fame, or life.
Bea. Ha! what is it?
Ma. Wee ſhall haue opportunity at your lodging,
The ſtreetes are populous and full noiſe,
So pleaſe you walke, Ile wait one you.
Bea. I me your ſeruant. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iuſtice Landby, *and* Miliſent.

Iuſt. Miliſent. Where's my daughter?
Mil. In complement with Mr. *Rawbone*, who is newly entred ſir.
Iuſt. O there's a peece of folly.
A thing made vp of parchment and his bonds
Are of more value then his ſoule and body,
Were any man the purchaſer, onely wiſe
In his hereditary trade of vſury,
Vnderſtands nothing but a ſcriuener,
As if he were created for no vſe
But to grow rich with intreſt, to his ignorance,
He ha's the gift, of being impudent,
What will he grow to, if he liue, that is
So young a monſter?
Mil. With your fauour ſir
If you hold no better opinion of this Citizen
It puzles, mee why you inuite him, to your houſe
And entertainement, he pretending affection to your daughter,
Pardon me ſir if I ſeeme bold.
Iuſt. As ſome men *Miliſent*
Do ſuffer ſpiders in their Chamber, while
They count them profitable vermine.
Mil. But he's moſt like to ſcatter poyſon ſir,
Your fame is precious, and your family

Not mingling with corrupted ſtreames, hath like
An entire Riuer, ſtill maintayn'd his current
Chaſt, and delightfull.
Iuſt. Sha't receiue my boſome,
Ile ſooner match her with an *Ethiope*,
Then giue conſent, ſhe ſhould diſgrace our blood;
And herein I but trye her ſtrength of iudgement
In giuing him acceſſe; if ſhe haue loſt
Remembrance of her birth, and generous thoughts,
She ſuck'd from her dead mother, with my care
Ile ſtriue to reinforce her natiue goodneſſe,
Or quite diuorſe her from my blood: and *Milſent*
Ile vſe your vigilance.
Mil. Sir command.
Iuſt. I will,
Not vrge how I receiu'd you firſt a ſtranger,
Nor the condition of your life, with me,
Aboue the nature of a ſeruant, to
Obliege your faith: I haue obſerued thee honeſt.
Mil. You are full of noble thoughts.
Iuſt. Though I ſuſpect not
The obedience of my daughter, yet her youth
Is apt to erre, let me employ your eye
Vpon her ſtill, and receiue knowledge from you,
How ſhe diſpenceth fauours, you ſhall binde
My loue the ſtronger to you.
Mil. Sir, I ſhall be ambitious to deſerue your fauour
Withall the duties of a ſeruant, and
I doubt not, but your Daughter is ſo full
Of conſcience, and care in the conformity
Of her deſires to your will, I ſhall
Inrich my ſight with obſeruation,
And make my intelligence happy.
Enter Camelion.
Iuſt. How now: what's he?

Mil.

Mil. Tis Mr. *Rawbones* squire.
Cam. Pray is not my Masters worship here?
Iust. Your Masters worship!
What's that, his Spaniell?
Cam. No sir, but a thing that does follow him.
Iust. In what likenesse,
I hope he does not conuerse with spirits.
Cam. Heele not entertayne an Angell,
But he will weigh him first, indeede
I am all the spirits that belong to him.
Mil. So I thinke, but none of his familiar.
Iust. What's thy name?
Cam. Cameleon.
Iust. Good; didst euer eate?
Cam. Yes once.
Iust. And then thou caught'st a surfeit,
thou couldst nere endure meate since: wer't euer christned.
Cam. Yes twice, first in my infancy,
And the last time about a yeare agoe,
When I should haue beene prentise to an Anabaptist.
Iust. Does thy Master loue thee?
Cam. Yes, for, and I would gold I might haue it,
But my stomacke would better digest beefe, or mutton,
If there be any such things in nature.
Mil. Here is his Master sir, and Mistris *Iane.*

Enter Rawbone, *and* Iane.

Raw. How now *Cameleon*, hast din'd?
Cam. Yes sir,
I had a delicate fresh ayre to dinner.
Raw. And yet thou lookst as thou hadst eate nothing this se'night, here prouide me a Capon, and halfe a dozen of Pidgeons to supper, and when will your worship come home, and tast my Hospitality.

Iane.

Ian. When you please sir,

Raw. Yet now I thinke on't,
I must feede more sparingly.

Ian. More liberally in my opinion.

Raw. Would not any body in the world thinke so? did you euer see two such eare-wigges as my man and I: doe wee not looke like.

Ian. I thinke the picture of eyther o'your faces in a ring, with a *Memento mori*, would be as sufficient a mortification, as lying with an Anotomy.

Raw. The reason why wee are so leane and consum'd, is nothing, but eating too much: *Cameleon* now I thinke on't, let the Pygeons alone, the Capon will bee enough for thee and I.

Cam. The rumpe would last vs a se'night.

Raw. I tell you forsooth, I ha brought my selfe so low, with a great dyet, that I must be temperate, or the Doctor sayes there's no way but one worme.

Cam. That's not the way of all flesh I'm sure.

Raw. It is a shame to say, what we eate euery day.

Ian. I thinke so.

Cam. By this hand: if it would beare an oath: wee haue had nothing this two dayes but halfe a Larke; which by a mis-chance the Cat had kild too, the Cage being open: I will prouide my belly another Master.

Iust. Now Ile interrupt em Master *Rawbone*.

Raw. I hope your Worship will reprriue my boldnesse,
Tis out of loue to your daughter.

Iust. Sir, I haue a businesse to you, a friend of mine vpon some necessity would take vp a hundred pounds.

Raw. Ile pawne some ounces to pleasure him.

Iust. It is more friendly sayd then I expected.

Raw. So he bring me good security, some three or
Foure, or fiue sufficient and able Citizens, for
Mortalities sake, ile lend it him.

Iust.

Iust. Will you not take an honeſt mans word.

Raw. Few words to the wiſe, I will take any mans word to owe me a hundred pound, but not a Lords to pay me fifty.

Iust. Well: tis a curteſie.

Raw. He ſhall pay nothing to me but lawfull conſideration from time to time, beſide the charges of th'enſealing, becauſe he is your friend.

Iust. This is extreamity, can you require more?

Raw. More? whats eight in the hundred to me? my Scriuener knowes, I haue taken forty and fifty in the hundred vſis and modis of my owne kinſ-men, when they were in neceſſity.

Iust. I apprehend the fauour:

Enter Iſaac.

How now *Iſaac*?

Iſ. My maſter commends his loue to you ſir, and does deſire your preſence together with your Daughter and Nephew, at the arraignement of my young miſtreſſe to morrow.

Iust. How knaue?

Iſ Shee is to be marrid or arraign'd, ith'morning, and at night to ſuffer execution and looſe her head.

Iust. Returne our thankes, and ſay wee'le waite vppon the Bride *Iane*. *Exeunt* Iuſtice *and* Iane.

Iſ. Deare Maſter *Rawbone*, I doe beſeech you bee at theſe Seſſions.

Raw. Thou didſt inuite me before.

Iſ. I know it, but our Cooke has a great minde, that ſentence ſhould likewiſe paſſe vppon the roaſt, the boyld, and the bak'd, and hee feares vnleſſe you be a Commiſſioner, the meate will hardly bee condemn'd to morrow, ſo that I can neuer often enough deſire your ſtomacke to remember, you will come.

Raw. Doſt thinke I wonot keepe my word?

Iſ. Alas, wee haue nothing, but good cheere to entertayne you, I beſeech you ſir howſoeuer to feaſt with us, though you goe away after dinner.

Raw. There's my hand ——

Isa. I thanke you.

Raw. Is master Iustice gone, and mistresse *Iane* too? follow me *Cameleon*, Ile take my leaue when I come agen.

Mil. If ac.

Isa. My little wit, thou wo't come with thy master to morrow, Ile reserue a bottle of wine to warme thy sconce.

Mil. I cannot promise.

Isa. If I durst stay three minutes, I would venture a cup with thee ith'buttery, but tis a busie time at home:
Farewell *Milisent.* *Exit.*

Mil. Marriage has much ioy waite vpon the Bride,
As the remembrance of it brings me sorrow,
A woman has vndone me, when I dye
A Coffin will enclose this misery. *Exit.*

Enter Beauford *and* Marwood.

Beau. You prepare me for some wonder.

Mar. I doe:
And ere I come to the period of my Story,
Your vnderstanding will admire.

Beau. Teach my soule the way.

Mar. I am not Cose ith'number of those friends
Come to congratulate your present marriage.

Beau. Ha?

Mar. I am no flatterer, the blood you carry
Doth warme my veines, yet could nature be
Forgetfull and remoue it selfe, the loue
I owe your merit, doth oblige me, to
Relation of a truth which else would fire
My bosome with concealement. I am come
To deuide your soule, rauish all your pleasures,
Poyson the very ayre maintaynes your breathing,
You must not marry.

Beau. Must not? though as I
Am mortall I may be compeld within

A payre of minutes to turne aſhes, yet
My ſoule already Bride-groome to her vertue,
Shall laugh at Death that would vnmarry vs,
And call her mine eternally.
Mar. Death is
A mockery to that diuorce I bring,
Come you muſt not loue her.
Beau, Did I hope thou couldſt
Giue me a reaſon, I would aske one.
Mar. Do not,
I will too ſoone arriue, and make you curſe
Your knowledge, couldſt exchange thy temper for
An angels, at the hearing of this reaſon,
'Twould make you paſſionate, and Nirne man agen.
Beau. Can there be reaſon for a ſinne ſo great,
As changing my affection from *Gratiana?*
Name it, and teach me how to be a monſter,
For I muſt looſe humanity. oh *Marwood,*
Thou leadſt me into a Wilderneſſe, ſhe is ——
Mar. Falſe, ſinneſull, a blacke ſoule ſhe has.
Bea. Thou haſt a hell about thee, and thy language
Speakes thee a Diuell, that to blaſt her innocence
Doſt belch theſe vapours: to ſay thou lyeſt,
Were to admit, thou haſt but made in this
A humane errour, when thy ſinne hath aym'd
The fall of goodneſſe. *Gratiana* falſe?
The ſnow ſhall turne a *Salamander* firſt
And dwell in fire; the ayre retreate, and leaue
An emptineſſe in nature, angels be
Corrupt, and brib'd by mortals ſell their charity
Her innocence is ſuch, that were thou *Marwood*
For this offence condemn'd to lodge in flames,
It would for euer cure thy burning feauer,
If with thy ſorrow thou procure her ſhed
One teare vpon thee, now, thou art loſt for euer,

And arm'd thus, though with thousand furies guarded,
I reach thy heart. *Draws.*

Mar. Stay *Beauford*,
Since you dare be so confident of her chastity
Heare me conclude, I bring no idle fable
Patcht vp betweene suspition, and report
Of scandalous tongues, my eares were no assurance
To conuince me without my eyes.

Bea. What horror!
Be more particular:

Mar. I did propheſie,
That it would come to this, for I haue had
A tedious strugling with my nature, but
The name of friend ore-ballanc'd the exception:
Forgiue me Ladies, that my loue to man
Hath power to make me guilty of such language,
As with it, must betray a womans honour:

Bea. You torture me, be briefe.

Mar. Then, though it carry shame to the reporter,
Forgiue me heauen, and witnesse an vnwelcome truth.

Bea. Stay, I am too hasty for the knowledge
Of something thou prepar'st for my destruction,
May I not thinke what tis, and kill my selfe?
Or at least by degrees, with apprehending
Some strange thing done, infect my fancy with
Opinion first, and so dispose my selfe
To death? I cannot, when I thinke of *Gratiana*
I entertayne a heauen: the worst, Ile heare it.

Mar. It will enlarge it selfe too soone, receiue it;
I haue enioyd her.

Bea. Whom?

Mar. *Gratiana* sinnefully, before your loue
Made she and you acquainted.

Bea. Ha? th'ast kept thy word thou camst so poison all
My comforts.

Mar.

Mar. Your friendſhip I ha preferred
To my owne fame, and but to ſaue you from
A laſting ſhipwrack, noble *Beauford*, thinke
It ſhould haue rotted here, ſhe that will part
With Virgin honour, nere ſhould wed the heart.
Bea. Was euer woman good, and *Gratiana*
Vitious? loſt to honour? at the inſtant
When I expected all my Harueſt ripe,
The golden Summer tempting me to reape
The well growne eares, comes an impetuous ſtorme
Deſtroyes an ages hope in a ſhort minute,
And lets me liue, the copy of mans frailty:
Surely, ſome one of all the female ſexe,
Engroſt the vertues, and fled hence to Heauen,
Left woman-kind diſſemblers.
Mar. Sir, make vſe
Of reaſon, tis a knowledge ſhould reioyce you,
Since it does teach you to preſerue your ſelfe.
Bea. Enioyd *Gratiana* ſinnefully, tis a ſound
Able to kill with horror; it infects
The very aire, I ſee it like a miſt
Dwell round about, that I could vncreate
My ſelfe, or be forgotten, no remembrance
That euer I lou'd woman: I haue no
Genius left to inſtruct me——it growes late:
Within——
Waite o'my kinſman to his Chamber,
I ſhall deſire your reſt, pray giue me leaue
To thinke a little——
Mar. Coſen: I repent
I haue beene ſo open breaſted, ſince you make
This ſeuere vſe on't, and afflict your minde
With womaniſh ſorrow, I haue but caution'd you
Againſt a danger, out of my true friendſhip:
Proſper me goodneſſe as my ends are noble:

 Good-night,

Good-night, collect your selfe, and be a man. *Exit.*

Bea. And why may not a kinsman be a Vilaine?
Perhaps he loues *Gratiana*, and enuying
My happinesse, doth now traduce her chastity
To find this out, time will allow but narrow
Limits: His last words bad me be a man.
A man? yes I haue my soule, t'does not become
A manly resolution to be tame thus,
And giue vp the opinion of his mistresse
For one mans accusation; ——ha: ith'morning?
Proper. Yes *Marwood* I will be a man:
His sword, shall eyther make past the sence
Of this affliction, or mine enforce
A truth from him, if thou best wrongd *Gratiana*
Ile giue thy Martyr, but if false, in this
I gaine to giue, not haue a sacrifice. *Exit.*

Actus Secundi. Scena Prima.

Enter Cardona, *and* Isaac.

Car. To the Taylors man, runne.
Isa. To the Taylors man,
Why not to his master?
Car. The Wedding cloathes not brought
Home yet, fie, fie.

Isa.

Isa. Who would trust a womans Taylor, take measure so long before of a Gentle-woman, and not bring home his commodity, there's no conscience in't.

Car. The arrant Shoe-maker too.

Isa. Master *Hide*, is not he come yet, I cald vppon him yester-day, to make hast of my Mistress shoes, and he told me, he was about the vpper-leather, he would be at her heeles presently, I left his foot in the stirrop, I thought he would haue rid post after me.

Car. Prethee *Isaac* make hast, how tedious th'art, hast not thou beene there yet.

Isa. Oh yes, and here agen, de'e not see me, you are so light your selfe.

Car. As thou goest, call vpon Cod the Perfumer, tell him he vses vs sweetly, has not brought home the gloues yet:——and dost heare? when th'art at the Peacocke remember to call for the sprig, by the same token I left my fanne to be mended:——and dost heare? when th'art there, tis but a little out of the way, to runne to the Diuell, and bid the Vintener make hast with the runlets of Claret, we shall ha no time to burne it.

Isa. You need not if it come from the Diuell, me-thinkes that Wine should burne it selfe.

Car. Runne I prethee.

Isa. Taylors, Shoe-makers, Perfumers, Feather-makers, and the Diuell and all, what a many occupations does a woman runne through, before she is married. *Exit.*

Car. Fye vpon't what a perplexity is about a Wedding, I might haue beene thus troubled for a child of my owne, if good lucke had seru'd.

——*Within. Cardona.*

Car. I come Lady-bird. *Exit.*

Enter Beauford *and* Marwood.

Mar. Was this your purpose.

Bea. This place of all the Park affords most priuacy.

Nature

Nature has plac'd the trees to imitate
A Roman *Amphitheater.*
Mar. We muſt be the ſword-players.
Bea. Draw, imagine all
Theſe trees were Cypreſſe, the companions of
Our funerall, for one or both muſt go
To a darke habitation, me-thinkes
We two, are like to ſome vnguided men,
That hauing wandred all the day in a
Wild vnknowne path, at night walke downe into
A hollow grot, a caue which neuer Starre
Durſt looke into, made in contempt of light
By nature, which the Moone did neuer yet
Be-friend with any melancholy beame:
Oh Coſen thou haſt led me, where I neuer
Shall ſee day more.
Mar. This is the way to make it
A night indeede, but if you recolle&
Your ſelfe, I brought you beames to let you ſee
The horror of that darkneſſe you are going to,
By marrying with *Gratiana.*
Bea. That name
Awakes my reſolution, conſume not
Thy breath too idly, th'aſt but a ſmall time
For th'uſe on't, either employ it in the vnſaying
Thy wrong to *Gratiana*, or thou haſtens
Thy laſt minute.
Mar. I muſt tell *Beaufort* then,
He is vngratefull to returne ſo ill
My friendſhip, haue I vnder-va'ued
My ſhame in the relation of a truth,
To make the man I woo'd preſerue, my enemy:
Why doſt thou tempt thy deſtiny with ſo
Much ſinne? doſt thinke I were a ſword I dare
Not manage? or that I can be inforc'd

To a reuolt? I am no Rebell *Beauford*:
Againe I muſt confirme *Gratianaes* honour
Stain'd, the treaſures of her chaſtity
Rifled, and loſt, twas my vnhappineſſe
To haue added that, vnto my other ſinnes
Ith'wildneſſe of my blood, which thou mayſt puniſh.
Bea. Thou haſt repeated, but the ſame in
Subſtance touching *Gratiana.*
Mar. Truth is euer conſtant
Remaines vpon her ſquare, firme, and vnſhaken.
Beau. If what thou haſt affirm'd be true, why ſhould
We fight, be cruell to our ſelues, indanger
Our eternity, for the errour of
One frayle woman? let our ſwords expect
A nobler cauſe. What man hath ſuch aſſurance
In any womans faith, that he ſhould runne
A deſperate hazard of his ſoule? I know
Women are not borne angels, but created
With paſſion and temper like to vs,
And men are apt to erre, and looſe themſelues
Caught with the ſmile of wanton beauty, fettered
Euen with their miſtreſſes haire.
Mar. I like this well. *aſide.*
Beau. He has a handſome preſence and diſcourſe,
Two ſubtle charmes to tempt a womans frailty,
Who muſt be gouern'd by their eye, or care
To loue, beſide my kinſman hath beene taxt,
For being too prompt in wantonneſſe, this confirmes it
Then farwell woman kind.
Mar. This does become you.
Bea. Why ſhould we fight, but letting blood wo'not
Cure her, and make her honour white againe:
We are friends, repent thy ſinne, and marry her.
Mar. Whom?
Beau. Gratiana.

Mar. How sir, marry her?

Bea. Why canst thou adde to it another crime,
By a refusing to repayre the ruines
Of that chast temple, thou hadst violated?
Her Virgin tapers are by thee extinct,
No odour of her chastity, which once
Gaue a perfume to Heauen, and did refresh
Her innocent soule, they that haue spoyld virginity,
Do halfe restore the treasures they tooke thence
By sacred marriage.

Mar. Marriage, with whom?

Bea. Gratiana.

Mar. Should I marry a whore?

Bea. Thou lyest, and with a guilt vpon thy soule,
Able to sinke thee to damnation, *drawes againe.*
Ile send thee hence; a whore? what woman
Was euer bad enough to deserue that name?
Salute some natiue fury, or a wretch
Condemn'd already to hells tortures by it,
Not *Gratiana*; th'ast awakned iustice,
And giuen it eyes to see thy treachery,
The depth of thy malicious heart that word, hath
Dis-inchanted me.

Mar. Are you serious?

Bea. How haue I sin'd in my credulity
'Gainst vertue, all this while? what charme bound vp
My vnderstanding part; I should admit
A possibility, for her to carry
So blacke a soule; though all her sexe beside
Had fallen from their creation? thou hast
Not life enough to forfeit, what an aduantage
To fame and goodnesse had beene lost.

Mar. Will you fight?

Bea. Wert thou defend'd with circular fire, more
Subtle then the lightning, that I knew would ravish

My

My heart, and marrow from me, yet I ſhould
Neglect the danger, and but ſingly arm'd,
Flye to reuenge thy calumny: a whore—— come on ſir.
Th'art wounded: ha? *Fight.*
Mar. Mortally, flye *Beauford*, ſaue thy ſelfe, I haſten to the dead.
Beau. Oh ſtay a while, or thou wilt looſe vs both,
Thy wound I cannot call backe, now there is
No dallying with heauen, but thou pulſt on thee
Double confuſion, leaue a truth behind thee,
As thou wouldſt hope reſt to thy parting ſoule,
Haſt thou not wrong'd *Gratiana*?
Mar. Yes, in my luſt, but not in my report,
Take my laſt breath, I ſinfully enioy'd her, *One hol-*
Gratiana is a blotted peece of alablaſter: *lows within.*
Farewell leaſt ſome betray thee, heauen forgiue
My offence, as I do freely pardon thine.
Beau. I cannot long ſuruiue, ——
Is there no hope thou maiſt recouer?
Mar. Oh!
Beau. Farewell for euer then, with thy ſhort breath
May all thy ills conclude, mine but beginne
To muſter, life and I ſhall quickly part,
I feele a ſorrow will breake *Beauſords* heart. *Exit.*

Enter Keeper *and* Seruant.

Ser. There are Cony-ſtealers abroad ſir.
Keeper. Theſe whorſon Rabbet ſuckers
Will neere leaue the grouud.
Ser. In my walke laſt night, I frighted ſome on em.
Fox a theſe vermin, would they were all deſtroy'd.
Keeper. So we may chance to keepe no Deere.
Ser. Why ſo?
Kee. An old Cony ſtops a knaues mouth ſomtimes,
That elſe would be gaping for Veniſon.
Mar. Oh.
Keeper. Whoſe that?

Seruant. Here's a Gentle-man wounded.
Keeper. Ha?
Seruant. He has bled much.
Keeper. How came you hurt sir? no,
Not speake? if he be not past hope, let vs
Carry him to my lodge, my wife is a
Peece of a Surgeon, has beene fortunate
In some cures: teare a peece of thy shirt *Raph*,
To bind his wound quickly: ——so, so, alas
Poore Gentle-man, he may liue to be dreſt, and tell
Who has done this miſ-fortune: gently *Exe. carry*
Honeſt *Raph*, he has some breath yet: *him in.*
Would a had my blood-hound here.

Enter Sir Iohn Belfare Iuſtice Landby, *and his daughter* Iane, Iane *waiting.*

Bel. Y'are welcome Mr *Landby*, and miſtreſſe *Iane*.
Where's the young Captayn ſir your Nephew?
Iuſt He went betimes to waite vpon the Bridgroome.
Bel. They are inſeperable friends, as they had
Diuided hearts, they both are glad, when eyther
Meete a good fortune.
Iane. Ile be bold to ſee your daughter.
Bel. Do miſtreſſe *Iane*, ſhe has
Her maides bluſh yet, ſh e'le make you amends for this,
And ere't be long I hope 'dance at your wedding. *Exit Iane.*
Iuſt. I wiſh you many ioyes ſir by this marriage:
Your daughter ha made diſcreet election,
She'le haue a hopefull Gentle-man.
Bel. Maſter *Landby*,
It would refreſh my age to ſee her fruitful to him,
I ſhould finde a bleſſing for a young
Beauford, and be glad to dandle him, the
Firſt newes of a boy borne by my daughter
Would ſet me backe ſeauen yeares: O Maſter *Landby*,

Old

Old men do neuer truely doate, vntill
Their children bring em babies.

Enter Mr. Rawbone, *and* Hauer *as his seruant.*

Isa. Maſter *Rawbone*, ile be bold to preſent you
With a peece of Roſe-mary, we ha ſuch cheere.

Raw. Honeſt *Isaac.*

Isa. Pray do you belong to Maſter *Rawbone?*

Hau Yes ſir.

Isa. You haue eate ſomething in your dayes.

Hau. Why prethee?

Isa Nothing, nothing,
D'ee vnderſtand nothing, you ſhall eate nothing.
Vnleſſe ſome Benefactors like my maſter,
In pitty of your bellies once a yeare
Do warme it with a dinner, you muſt neuer
Hope to ſee roſt, or ſod; he has within
This twelue month to my knowledge
Made ſeauen men immortall.

Hau. How?

Isa. Yes, he has made ſpirits on em,
And they haunt ſuch mens houſes as my maſters,
Spirits ath'buttery, let me counſell yee
To cram your corpes to day, for by his Almanacke
There's a long Lent a comming.

Bel. Neuer ſee me,
But when you are inuited.

Raw. 'Las I had
Rather eate a peece of cold Capon at home,
Then be troubleſome abroad. I hope forſooth
Miſtreſſe *Iane* is as ſhe ſhud be.

Inſt She is in health:

Bel. Y'aue a freſh ſeruant maſter *Rawbone*,
A proper fellow, and maintaines himſelfe
Handſomely.

Raw. And he wod not ha maintain'd

Himselfe, I had neuer entertaind him.

Isa. Where's *Cameleon?*

Raw. I ha preferr'd him *Isaac.*

Isa. How?

Raw. Turnd him away last night,
And tooke this stripling.

Enter Captaine.

Cap. Morrow sir *Iohn*, where is the early Bridegroom?

Inst. Came not you from him?

Bel. We expect him sir, euery minute.

Cap. Not yet come? his seruants told me
He went abroad before the morning blushe.

Rel. We ha not seene him, pray heauen
He be in health.

Cap. I wonder at his absence.

Raw. Captayne *Landby*, young man of war, I do
Salute thee with a broad-side.

Cap. D'ee heare, they
Say you come a woing to my Cosen,
That day you marry her, ile cut your throate,
Keep't to your selfe.

Han. Thou art a noble fellow; things may prosper.

Cap. You come hither to wish Cosen giue em ioy now.

Raw. Yes marry do I.

Cap. You do lye, you come to
Scoure your durty maw with the good cheere,
Which will be dam'd in your leane *Barathrum*,
That kitchin-stuffe deuourer.

Raw. Why shud you
Say so Captaine? my belly did nere thinke
You any harme.

Cap. When it does vomit vp thy heart
Ile prayse it, in the meane time would
Euery bit thou eatst to day, were steept
In *Aqua fortis.*

Raw.

Raw. What is that *Iasper*?
Hau. It is strong-water.
Raw. Noble Captayne, thankes yfaith hartily:
I was afraid you had beene angry.
Cap. Ile ha thee sow'd vp in a
Mony-bagge, and boyld to ielly.
Raw. You shall ha me at your seruice,
And my bags too, vpon good security:
Is not this better then quarrelling, *Iasper*, ——

Enter Cardona.

Car. Is not the Bride-groome come yet, sure he has ouer slept himselfe, there is nothing but wondring within, all the maydes are in vprore, one sayes he is a slow thing, another sayes, she knowes not what to say, but they all conclude, if euer they marry, they'le make it in their bargaine to be sure of all things before matrimony, fie vpon him, if I were to be his wife, i'de shew him a tricke for't, ere a yeare came about, or it should cost me a fall, I warrant him. *Exit.*
Iust. Sir *Iohn* y'are troubled.
Bel. Can you blame me sir:
I would not haue our mornings expectation
Frustrate —— I know not what to thinke.
Iust. Sir, feare not.
Bel. The morne growes old.
Iust. Himen has long tapers.
Bel. What should procure his absence; he departed
But odly yester-day.
Cap. *Marwood* had engag'd him,
They promis'd to returne.
Bel. But we see neither.
Iust. They'le come together, make it not your feare,
Beauford a Gentle-man, and cannot be
Guilty of doing such affront, vnlesse
Some mis-fortune ——

Bel.

Bel. That's another iealousie.

Enter Lodam, Cameleon *waiting vpon him.*

Lod. Where is Sir *Iohn Belfare?*

Bel. Ha? Master *Lodam*,
Welcome.

Lod. I congratu'ate.——

Bel. Saw you master *Beauford* sir.

Lod. Yes I saw him, but———

Iust. But what?

Lod. I know not how he does,
Where is the Lady that must be vndone to night,
Your daughter?

Bel. My daughter vndone, name what vnhappines,
My heart already doth beginne to prophesie
Her vnkind fate, name what disaster, giue it
Expression pray, what is the newes?

Lod. The newes?
Why wo'd yee know the newes? tis none a'th'best.

Iust. Be temperate then in your relation.

Bel. What ist?

Lod. They say for certayne,
There were fou e and twenty Colliers cast away,
Comming from *New-Castle* tis cold newes ith'Citty,
But there is worse newes abroad.

Bel. Doth it concerne my knowledge? trifle not.

Lod. They say that Canary sacke, must dance
Agen to the *Apothecaries*, and be sold for
Physicke, in hum-glasses, and thin bles. that the
Spaw-water must be transported hither, and
Be drunke instead of French wines:
For my part, I am but one.

Han. Big enough for two.

Lod. This citadell may endure as long a siege
As another, if the pride of my flesh must be
Puld downe, farewell it t'has done me

Seruice

Seruice this forty yeare; let it goe.
Bel. Saw you master *Beauford?*
Lod. Yes Sir *Iohn*,
I saw him but —— twas three dayes agoe.
Cap. Hee is ridiculous.
Iust. Doe not afflict your selfe,
He will giue a faire account at his returne.
Bel. Pray heauen hee may:
Enter Gratiana, Iane, *and* Cardona.
My daughter.
Raw. Sir, I desire to be acquainted with you.
Lod. I haue no stomacke sir to your acquaintance,
You are a thought too leane.
Raw. And you a bit too fat.
Bel. Dost not wonder girle at *Beaufords* absence?
Grats. Not at all sir, I am not now to learne
Opinion of his nobleness; and I hope
Your iudgements will not permit you sinne so much
To censure him for this stay. Faire morning
To master *Landby*, noble *Captaine*, matter
Lodam, and the rest.
Raw I am so little
She cannot see me, giue you ioy forsooth,
I hope it is your destiny to be married.
Cap. And yours to bee hang'd.
Raw. How sir.
Han. No harme,
He wishes you long life.
Raw. A long halter he does,
What to bee hang'd.
Han. Las sir he knows you ha no flesh to burden you,
Light as a feather, hanging will nere kill you,
If he had wish'd sir master *Lodam* hang'd.
Raw. Then, ile to him and thanke him;
But here's mistresse *Iane*.

Cap. You ſhal command me as your ſeruant.—ſirra. *Exit.* *As he goes out he ſees Rawb. court* Iane.

Raw. I did but aske her how ſhe did, I ſayd
Neuer a word to her: Pox vpon his bounſing
I am as fearefull of him as of a Gun,
He does ſo powder me.

Grati. We haue not ſeene
You ſir, this great while, you fall away me-thinkes.

Lod Looſing Lodam I.

Grati. You are not the leaſt welcome ſir.

Lod. I do giue you great thankes, and do meane to dance at your Wedding for't, I doe maruaile Maſter *Beanford* is not earlier, I ſhud ha beene here with muſique Lady, and haue fidled you too, before you were vp, theſe leane Louers, ha nothing in em, ſlow men of *London*.

Bel. Gratiana. Lod *ſpies* Iane.

Lod. Who's this? ſhee has a mortall eye.

Iſa. Cameleon? How now turn'd away your maſter.

Cam. No, I ſold my place; as I was thinking to runne away, comes this fellow, and offered me a breake-faſt for my good will to ſpeake to my Maſter for him, I tooke him at his word, and reſigned my Office, and turn'd ouer my hunger to him immediately; now I ſerue a man, *Iſaac.*

Bel. Iſaac.——— *Exit* Iſaac *as ſent off.*

Lod. I do fore-ſee a fall of this tower already,
Loue beginnes to vnder-mine it.
Miſtreſſe, a word in priuate.

Raw. Iaſper has't a ſword. *Haw.* Yes ſir.

Raw. That's well, let it alone:
Didſt ſee this paunch affront me?

Haw. He did it in loue to the Gentle-woman.

Raw. In loue? let me ſee the ſword agen. *Drawes.*
Wo'd twere in his belly———put it vp,
Thou deſeruſt a good blade, tis ſo well kept.

Enter Iſaac.

Iſa. Maſter *Beanford*, maſter *Beanford.*

Bel.

Bel. Where?

Iſa. Hard by, within a ſtones caſt a my Mittreſſe, here ſir here. *Enter* Beauford.

Grat. My deereſt *Beauford*, where haſt bin ſo long?

Bea. Oh *Gratiana.*

Grat. Are you not in health?

Bel. Not well, tis then no time to chide: How fare you ſir?

Bea. I haue a trouble at my heart: pardon The treſpaſſe o'your patience Gentle-men, Ile publiſh the occaſion of my abſence, So firſt, you giue me leaue, to vnlade it here; But with your fauour, I deſire I may Exempt all eares, but *Gratianaes*, till A ſhort time ripen it for your knowledge.

Bel. Ha?

Iuſt. Lets leaue 'em then a while.

Bel. Into the Garden Gentle-men.

Raw. Withall my heart: In my conſcience the'ile be honeſt together.

Bel. This begets my wonder, maſter *Lodam.*

Lod. Good ſir *Iohn*, ile waite vpon you, It is dinner time. *Exeunt.*

Bea. I haue not time to dwell on circumſtance, I come to take my laſt leaue, you and I Muſt neuer meete agen.

Grat. What language do I heare, If *Beauſords* it ſhould ſtrike me dead?

Bea. This day, I had deſign'd for marriage, but I muſt Pronounce wee are eternally diuorc'd; Oh *Gratiana*, thou haſt made a wound Beyond the cure of Surgery, why did nature Empty her treaſure in thy face, and leaue thee A blacke prodigious ſoule?

Grat. Defend me goodneſſe!

Bea. Call vpon darkneſſe, to obſcure thee rather,
That neuer more thou maiſt be ſeene by mortall,
Get thee ſome dwelling in a miſt, or in
A wild forſaken earth, a Wilderneſſe,
Where thou maiſt hide thy ſelfe, and dye forgotten.
Grat. Where was I loſt? name what offence prouok'd
This heauy doome, deare *Beauford*, be not ſo
Iniuſt, to ſentence me, before I know
What is my crime, or if you will not tell
What ſinne it is, I haue committed, great,
And horrid, as your anger; let me ſtudy,
Ile count em all before you, neuer did
Penitent, in confeſſion, ſtrip the ſoule
More naked, ile vnclaſpe my booke of conſcience,
You ſhall read ore my heart, and if you finde
In that great Volume, but one ſingle thought
Which concern'd you, and did not end with ſome
Good prayer for you: Oh be iuſt and kill me.
Bea. Be iuſt, and tell thy conſcience, th'aſt abuſ'd it
Falſe woman, why doſt thou increaſe thy horror?
By the obſcuring a miſ-deed, which wo'd
Were all thy other ſinnes forgiuen, vndo thee
Oh *Gratiana*, thou art. ——
Grat. What am I?
Bea. A thing I would not name, it ſound ſo fearfully,
'Twould make a Diuell bluſh, to be ſaluted
By that, which thou muſt anſwere to.
Grat. I feare——
Bea. That feare betrayes thy guilt, tell me *Gratiana*
What didſt thou ſee in me to make thee thinke
I was not worthy of thee, at thy beſt
And richeſt value, when thou wert as white
In ſoule, as beauty? for ſure, once thou wert ſo:
Hadſt thou ſo cheape opinion of my birth,
My breeding, or my fortunes, that none elſe

Could

Could ſerue for propertie of your luſt, but I?
Grat. Deare *Beauford* heare me.
Bea. A common father to thy ſinne-got iſſue,
A patron of thy ſtifled, vnchaſt wombe?
Oh thou wert cruell, to reward ſo ill
The heart that truely honor'd thee: thy name
Which ſweetn'd once the breath of him that ſpake it,
And muſically charm'd the gentle eare;
Shal ſound here-after like a Screech-owles note,
And fright the hearer; Virgins ſhall lament
That thou haſt ſham'd their chaſt ſociety,
And oft as *Himen* lights his tapers vp,
At the remembrance of thy name, ſhed teares,
And bluſh for thy diſhonour: from this minute,
Thy friends ſhall count thee deſperately ſicke,
And whenſoere thou goeſt abroad, that day
The maides and matrons, thinking thou art dead,
And going to the graue, ſhall all come forth
And waite like mourners on thee.
Grat. Ha yee done?
Then heare me a few ſillables, you haue
Suſpition that I am diſhonourd.
Bea. No,
By heauen I haue not, I haue too much knowledge
To ſuſpect thee ſinnefull, but in the aſſurance
Of it, I muſt diſclayme thy heart for euer:
Gratiana my opinion of thy whitenesſe
Hath made my ſoule, as blacke as thine already;
Weepe till thou waſh away thy ſtaine, and then,
Ith'other world, we two, may meete agen. *Exit.*
Grat. Weepe inward eyes, hither your ſtreames impart,
For ſure, I haue teares enough, to drowne my heart. *Exit.*

Actus Tertij. Scena Prima.

Enter Beauford *and* Captayne.

Cap. You amaze me *Beanford*, *Gratiana* falſe?
I ſhall ſuſpect the truth of my conception,
And thinke all women monſters, though I neuer
Lou'd with that neereneſſe of affection
To marry any, yet I mourne they ſhould
Fall from their vertue, why may not *Marwood*
Iniure her goodneſſe?

Beau. What, and damme his ſoule?
Shall I thinke any with his dying breath
Would ſhipwracke his laſt hope? he mixt it with
His praiers, when in the ſtreame of his owne blood,
His ſoule was lanching forth.

Cap. That circumſtance takes away al ſuſpition agen,
Where left you *Marwood*?

Bea. I'the Parke.

Cap. Quite dead?

Beau. Hopeleſſe, his weapon might haue proued ſo happy,
To haue releaſed me of a burthen too;
And but that man-hood, and the care of my
Eternity forbids, I would force out
That which but wearies me to carry it,
Vnwelcome life?

Cap. VVould he were buried,

My

My feares perplex me for you; though none see
You fight, the circumstance must needes
Betray you: what's he. *Enter a* Surgeon.
Sur. I would borrow your eare in priuate.
Beau. We are but one to heare, his loue hath
Made him? to great a part of my affliction:
Speake it.
Sur. The body is taken thence.
Beau. Ha.
Sur. I cannot be deceiued sir: I beheld
Too plaine a demonstration of the place;
But he that suffred such a losse of blood,
Had not enough to maintayne life till this time,
Which way so ere his body was conuey'd:
I must conclude it short liu'd, I am sorry
I could not serue you.
Beau. Sir,——I thanke you,
You deserue I should be gratefull: *gines him mony.*
It must be so—— *Exit Surgeon.*
Cap. What fellow's this?
Beau. A Surgeon.
Cap. Dare you trust him?
Beau. Yes, with my life.
Cap You haue done that already in your discouery.
Pray heauen he prooue your friend,
You must resolue for flight, ye shall take ship——
Beau. Neuer.
Cap. Will you ruine your selfe? there's no security—
Beau. There is not Captayne,
Therefore Ile not change my ayre. *Cap.* How?
Beau. Vnlesse thou canst instruct me how to fly from
My selfe, for whereseoeuer else I wander,
I shall but carry my accuser with me.
Cap Are you mad?
Beau. I haue heard in *Affricke*, is a tree, which tasted

By

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By trauailers, it breedes forgetfulneſſe
Of their Country, canſt direct me thither?
Yet 'twere in vaine, vnleſſe it can extinguiſh,
And drowne the remembrance I am *Beauford:*
No —— Ile not moue, let thoſe poore things that dare not
Dye, obey their feares, I will expect my fate here.
Cap. This is wildneſſe,
A deſperate folly, pray be ſenſible: ——
Whoſe this, tis *Gratiana.*
Enter Gratiana *with a Cabinet of Iewels.*
Bea. Ha, farwell.
Cam. You ſhall ſtay now a little.
Bea. I will not heare an accent, I ſhall looſe
My memory, be charmed into beliefe
That ſhe is honeſt with her voyce, I dare not
Truſt my frailty with her.
Cam. She ſpeakes nothing,
Is all a weeping Nyobe, a ſtatue,
Or in this poſture, doth ſhee not preſent
A water Nymph, placed in the midſt of ſome
Faire Garden, like a Fountaine to diſpence
Her Chriſtal ſtreames vpon the flowers? which cannot
But ſo refreſht, looke vp, and ſeeme to ſmile
Vpon the eyes that feed em:
Will ſhe ſpeake?
Grat. Though by the effuſion of my teares, you may
Conclude, I bring nothing but ſorrow with me,
Yet heare me ſpeake, I come not to diſturbe
Your thoughts, or with one bold and daring language
Say how vniuſt you make my ſufferings:
I know not what
Hath raiſed this mighty ſtorme to my deſtruction,
But I obey your doome, and after this,
Will neuer ſee you more. Firſt I releaſe
And giue you back your vowes; with them, your hart,

Which

Which I had lock'd vp in my owne, and cherisht
Better, mine I'm sure does bleed to part with't,
All that is left of yours, this Cabinet
Deliuers backe to your possession,
There's euery iewell you bestowed vpon me,
The pledges once of loue.

Bea. Pray keepe em.

Grat. They are not mine, since I haue lost the opinion
Of what I was, indeed I haue nothing else,
I would not keepe the kisses, once you gaue me,
If you would let me pay them backe againe.

Beau. All women is a-laborinth, we can,
Measure the height of any starre, point out
All the dimensions of the earth, examine
The Seas large wombe, and sounds its subtle depth,
But arte will nere be able to finde out,
A demonstration of a womans heart,
Thou hast enough vndone me, make me not
More miserable, to beleeue thou canst be vertuous:
Farwell, enioy you this, I shall finde out
Another roome to weepe in. *Exit.*

Cap. Lady I would aske you a rude question:
Are you a maide?

Grat. Do I appeare so Monstrous? no man will
Beleeue my iniury: has heauen forgot
To protect innocence, that all this while
It hath vouchsafed no miracle, to confirme
A Virgins honour?

Cap. I am answered:
I do beleeue shees honest; Oh that I could
But speake with *Marwoods* ghost now, and thou beest
In hell, I'de meete thee halfe way, to conuerse
One quarter of an houre with thee, to know
The truth of all things, thy Diuell Iaylour
May trust thee without a waiter, he has security

For thy damnation in this ſinne alone,
I me full of pitty now, and ſpite of man-hood
Cannot forbeare, come Lady, I am confident,
I know not which way —— that y'are vertuous-----
Pray walke with mee, ile tell you the whole ſtory;
For yet you know not your accuſer.

Grat. I am an exile hence, and cannot walke
Out of my way, *Beauford* farwell, may Angels
Dwell round about thee, liue vntill thou find,
When I am dead, thou haſt bin too vnkind. *Exeunt.*

Enter Miliſent *and Miſtris* Iane.

Iane. May I beleeue thee *Miliſent*, that my father
Though hee giue ſuch reſpect to him I hate,
Intends no marriage? thou haſt releaſt
My heart of many feares, that I was deſtin'd
To be a ſacrifice.

Mil. It had beene ſinne
That *Miliſent* ſhould ſuffer you perplexe
Your noble ſoule, when it did conſiſt in
His diſcouery, to giue a freedome
To your labouring thoughts, tis now no more a ſecret,
Your father makes a triall of your nature,
By giuing him ſuch countenance.

Iane. What thankes ſhall I giue?

Mil. Your vertue hath both vnſeal'd
My boſome, and rewarded me.

Iane Oh *Miliſent*:
Thou haſt deſeru'd my gratitude; and I cannot
But in exchange of thy diſcouery
Giue to thy knowledge, what I ſhould tremble
To let another heare; for I dare truſt thee with it.

Mil. If I haue any skill
In my owne nature, ſhall nere deceiue

Your

Your confidence, and thinke my ſelfe much honor'd,
So to be made your treaſurer.
Iane. Tis a treaſure,
And all the wealth I haue, my life, the ſumme
Of all my ioyes on earth, and the expectation
Of future bleſſings too depend vpon it.
Mil. Can I be worthy of ſo great a truſt?
Iane. Thou art, and ſhalt receiue it, for my heart
Is willing to diſcharge it ſelfe into thee:
Oh *Miliſent*! though my father would ha beene
So cruell to his owne, to haue wiſhed me marry
Him, t'was not in the power of me obedience
To giue conſent to't, for my loue already
Is dedicate to one, whoſe worth hath made
Me, but his ſteward of it, and although
His preſent fortune doth eclipſe his luſtre,
With ſeeming condition of a ſeruant,
He has a minde deriued from honour, and
May boaſt himſelfe a Gentle-man: is not
Thy vnderſtanding guilty of the perſon
I point at? ſure thou canſt not chooſe but know him.
Mil. Not I.

Enter Hauer.

Iane. Then looke vpon him *Miliſent*. *Mil.* Ha?
Hau. My maſter, miſtreſſe *Iane* ſent me before,
To ſay, he comes to viſite you.
Iane. But thou art before him in acceptance, nay
You ſtand diſcouered here, in *Miliſent* you may
Repoſe ſafe truſt.
Hau. Her language makes me confident,
You are a friend. *Mil.* To both a ſeruant.
Hau. I ſhall deſire your loue.
Iane. But where's this man of morgages?

We ſhall be troubled now

Han. I left him chawing the cud, ruminating Some ſpeech or other, with which, he meanes to Arreſt you.

Mil. He is entred.

Enter Rawbone.

Han. I haue prepar'd her.

Raw. Fortune be my guide then.

Han. And ſhe's a blind one.

Raw. Miſtreſſe *Iane*, I would talke with you in priuate, I haue fancied a buſineſſe, I know you are witty, and loue inuention, tis my owne, and no-body elſe muſt heare it ——— Be it knowne to all men by theſe preſents.

Ian. This is like to be a ſecret.

Raw. That I *Iaſper Rawbone* Citizen, and Houſe-keeper of *London*.

Han. A very poore one I'me ſure.

Raw. Do owe to miſtreſſe *Iane*, Lady of my thoughts, late of *London* Gentle-woman.

Han. Is ſhe not ſtill a Gentle-woman?

Raw. Still a Gentle-woman good-man Coxe-combe? did I not ſay ſhe was Lady of my thoughts? where was I now?

Han. At good-man Coxe-combe ſir.

Raw. ——— Do owe to miſtreſſe *Iane*, Lady of my thoughts, late of *London* Gentle-woman, my true and lawfull heart of *England* — to be payd to his ſayd miſtreſſe, her executors, or aſſignes.

Han. To her executors? what will you pay your heart, when ſhe is dead?

Raw. Tis none of my fault, and ſhe will dye, who can helpe it? thou doſt nothing but interrupt me: I ſay to be payd, to his ſayde miſtreſſe, her executors, or aſſignes, whenſoeuer ſhe demaund it, at the font-ſtone of the Temple———

Han. Put it, the top of *Paules* and pleaſe you; your conceite wilbe the higher.

Raw. Which payment to bee truely made and performed, I bind

bind, not my heires, but my body and ſoule for euer.

Han. How your ſoule ſir?

Raw. Peace foole, my ſoule will ſhift for it ſelfe, when I am dead that wilbe ſure enough: —— In witneſſe whereof, I haue here-vnto put my hand and ſeale, which is a hanſome ſpiny youth, with a bag of mony in one hand, a bond in the tother, an Indenture betweene his legs, the laſt day of the firſt merry moneth, and in the ſecond yeare of the raigne of King *Cupid.*

Han. Excellent! but in my opinion, you had better giue her poſſeſſion of your heart, I do not like this owing: fayth plucke it out, and deliuer it in the preſence of vs.

Raw. Thou talk'ſt like a puiſne, I can giue her poſſeſſion of it, by deliuery of two-pence wrapt vp in the wax, twill hold in Law man; —and how, and how d'ee like it? I could haue come ouer you with Verſe, but hang Ballads, giue me Poeticall proſe, euery Mounte-banke can rime, and make his lines crye twang, though there be no reaſon in em.

Ian. What Muſique haue I heard?

Raw. Muſique? Oh rare!

Ian. Hee has *Meduſaes* noble countenance,
His haires do curle like ſoft and gentle Snakes:
Did euer puppy ſmile ſo? or the Aſſe
Better become his eares? oh generous beaſt
Of ſober carriage, ſure he's valiant too,
Thoſe blood-ſhot eyes betray him, but his noſe
Fiſhes for commendation.

Raw. What does ſhe meane *Iaſper?*

Han. D'ee not ſee her loue ſir? why ſhe does doate vpon you, Which makes her talke ſo madly.

Raw. Forſooth I know you are taken with me, alas theſe things are naturall with me, when ſhall we be married forſooth?

Ian. With your licence ſir ——

Han. D'ee not obſerue her? you muſt firſt procure a Licence.

Raw. You ſhall heare more from mee, when I come agen —— *Iaſper* —— *Exit* Rawbone *haſtily.*

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Haw. My heart doth breath it ſelfe vppon your hand——*Exit.*
Mid. Your father and Maſter *Lodam.*——

Enter Lodam, Iuſtice, Cameleon.

Lod. Sir I doe loue your daughter:——I thought it neceſſary to acquaint you firſt, becauſe I would go about the buſineſſe iudicially.

Iuſt. You obliege vs both.

Lod. Ile promiſe you one thing.

Iuſt. What's that?

Lod. Ile bring your daughter no wealth.

Iuſt. Say you ſo: what then you promiſe her nothing.

Lod. But I will bring her that which is greater then wealth.

Iuſt. What's that? *Lod.* My ſelfe.

Iuſt. A faire ioynture. *Lod.* Nay, ile bring her more.

Iuſt. It ſha'not neede, no woman can deſire more of a man.

Lod. I can bring her good qualities, if ſhe want any: I ha trauail'd for em.

Iuſt. What are they?

Lod. The Languages.

Iuſt. You ſuſpect thee will want tongue:——let me ſee——Parlez franzois monſieur.

Lod. Diggon a cammag.

Iuſt. That's Welch.

Lod. Pocas palabras.

Iuſt. That's Spaniſh.

Lod. Troth I haue ſuch a confuſion of languages in my head, you muſt e'en take em as they come.

Iuſt. You may ſpeake that more exactly------Hauelar ſpagniol Signior?

Lod. Serge-dubois, ----Calli-mancho, et Perpetu-ana.

Iuſt. There's ſtuffe indeede, ſince you are ſo perfect, Ile truſt you for the reſt. I muſt referre you ſir vnto my daughter, if you can winne her faire opinion, my conſent my happily follow: ſo

Shee

Shee is in presence----------

Lod. Mercie Madame—— *Salutes* Iane.

Iust. This fellow lookes like the principall in Vsury, and this Rat followes him like a pittifull eight in the hundred: ------ come hither sirra, your name is *Cameleon.*

Cam. It is too true sir.

Iust. You did liue with master *Rawbone.*

Car. No sir, I did starue with him, and please you: I could not liue with him.

Iust. How doe you like your change?

Cam. Neuer worse.

Iust. Master *Lodam* wants no flesh.

Cam. But I doe: -------- I ha no Iustice sir, my leane master would eate no meate, and my fat master eates vp all ----- is your Worships house troubled with Vermin?

Iust. Something at this time.

Cam. Peace and ile catch a mouse then. ---- *lies downe,*

Enter Captaine *and* Gratiana.

Iust. My nephew turn'd Gentle-man Vsher.

Cap. Sir *Iohn Belfares* daughter.

Iust. 'Las poore Gentle-woman, I compassionate her vnkind destiny.

Cap. Let vs intreat a word in priuate sir-----

Lod. I cannot tell how you stand affected, but if you can loue a man, I know not what is wanting, greatnesse is a thing that your wisest Ladies haue an itch after: for my owne part I was neuer in loue before, and if you haue me not, neuer wilbee agen. Thinke on't betweene this and after dinner, I will stay o'purpose for your answere.

Ian. Y'are very short.

Lod. I wod not be kept in expectation aboue an houre, for loue is worse then a Lent to me, and fasting is a thing my flesh abhorres, if my doubt be not fil'd, I know who fares the worse for't. I would keepe my flesh to sweare by, and if you and I cannot agree vpon the matter, I would loose nothing by you.

Iane

Iane. Y'are very resolute.

Lod. Euer while you liue, a fat man, and a man of resolution goe together: I doe not commend my selfe, but there are no such fiery things in nature. *Iane.* Fiery?

Lod. Tis prou'd, put em to my action, and see, if they do not smoake it, they are men of mettle, and the greatest melters in the World, one hot seruice makes em rost, and they haue enough in em to bast a hundred ------- you may take a leane man, marry your selfe to famine, and beg for a great belly, you see what became of sir *Iohns* daughter: ------ come I would wish you be well aduis'd, there are more commodities in me, then you are aware of, if you and I couple, you shall fare like an Empresse.

Iane. That will be somewhat costly.

Lod Not a token. I haue a priuiledge: ------- I was at the Taueme tother day, i'the next roome I smelt hot Venison, I sent but a Drawer to tell the Company, one in the house with a great belly, long'd for a corner, and I had halfe a pasty sent me immediately: I will hold intelligence with all the Cookes i'the Towne, and what dainty, but I haue greatnesse enough to command?

Iust. I like it well: ------ be as wel-come heere, as at your Fathers. *Mistsent* —— make it your care to waite vpon this Gentlewoman, but conceale shee is our gueſt. I should reioyce to see this storme blowne ouer. ----------Nephew attend her to her Chamber. *Exeunt Gratiana, Captaine, Mistsent.*

Enter Rawbone *and* Hauer *hastily.*

Raw. I ha bin about it ------ *instles* Lodam, *and fals downe.*

Lod Next time you ride post, wind your horne, that one may get out a'the way. *Iust.* What's the matter *Iane.*

Raw. Tis guts, if I durst, my teeth waters to strike him.

Iust. What ha you done?

Lod. Let him take heed another time.

Hau. Take such an affront before your mistresse.

Raw. I haue a good stomacke ---.-------

Han. That's well sayd. *Raw.* I could eate him.

Hau. Oh is it that? *Lod.* Let me alone, no-body hold me.

Raw.

Raw. Ile haue an action of battery.

Lod. Whorſon mole-catcher ------
Come not neere me Weezel.

Raw. Prethee *Iaſper* do not thruſt me vpon him----
I do not feare you ſir.

Lod. Agen ſhall I kicke thee to peeces.

Hau. Let him baffull yce-----to him----- *Hauer thruſts him vpon him.*

Raw. I do not feare you.

Iuſt. *Iane* remoue your ſelfe.

Iane. Maſter *Rawbone*, I am ſorry for your hurt. *Exit.*

Hau. She jeeres you.

Lod. For this time I am content with kicking of thee.

As Lodam offers to goe out, Hauer puls him backe.

Hau. My maſter deſires another word w'ee ſir.——
You muſt fight with him------ *To Rawbone.*

Raw. Who I fight?

Lod. You ſpider catcher, ha you not enough? you ſee I doe not draw.

Iuſt. Very well.

Hau. By this hand, you ſhall challenge him then, if hee dare accept it, ile meete him in your clothes.

Raw. Will yee. Hum——I do not feare you----ſatisfaction---

Hau. That's the word.

Raw. That's the word-----youle meete me guts.

Lod. Meete thee by this fleſh, if thou doſt but prouoke me:
——you do not challenge me-----do not----d'ee long to be minc'd?

Hau. At *Finſbury* ——

Raw. At *Finſbury.*

Hau. To morrow morning -----

Raw. To morrow morning----you ſhall finde I dare fight.

Lod Say but ſuch another word.

Raw. *Finſbury*, to morrow morning, there tis agen ----

Iuſt. I cannot containe my laughter, ha, ha, ha. *Ex.*

Raw. So, lets begone quickly, before he threaten me, yor ide mee challenge him, looke to't.

Han. Feare not, I warrant you. *Exeunt* Raw & Hauer.

Lod. Sirra Nouerint, if I can but prooue, thou doſt come within three furlongs of a wind-mill, ile ſet one a top of *Paules* to watch thee----ſha't forfeit thy ſoule, and ile cancell thy body worſe then any debtor of thine did his obligation------hee's gone-----and now I thinke vpon the matter, I haue ſomewhat the worſt on't, for if I ſhould kill him, I ſhall neuer bee able to flye, and hee has left a peece of his ſcull, I thinke, in my ſhoulder —— whither am I bound to meet him, or no? I will conſult ſome o'the ſword men, and know whether it be a competent challenge--- *Cameleon.*

Cam. Sir.

Lod. Has the Rat, your maſter that was, any ſpirit in him?

Cam. Spirit? the laſt time hee was in the field, a boy of ſeauen yeares old, beate him with a Trap-ſticke.

Lod. Saiſt thou ſo? I will meet him then, and hew him to peeces.

Cap. I haue an humble ſuite-----if it be ſo, that you kill him, let me beg his body for an Anatomy, I haue a great mind to eate a peece on him.

Lod. Tis granted, follow me, ile cut him vp I warrant thee. *Exe.*

Enter Beauford, *and* Captayne.

Cap. I haue a letter.

Beau. From whom?

Cap. Gratiana.

Bea. I would forget that name, ſpeake it no more.

Cap. She is abuſ'd, and if you had not beene
Tranſported from vs, with your paſſion,
You would ha chang'd opinion, to haue heard
How well ſhe pleaded.

Bea. For her-ſelfe.

Cap. You might,
With little trouble gather from her teares
How cleare ſhe was, which more tranſparent, then
The morning dew, or chriſtall, fell neglected
Vpon the ground: ſome cunning Ieweller
To ha ſeene em ſcattred, would a thought ſome Princeſſe

Drops

Dropt em, and couetous to enrich himſelfe,
Gathered them vp for Dyamonds.
Beau. You are then conuerted.
Cap. Oh you were too credulous.
Marwood has playd the Vilaine, and is damn'd for't;
Could but his ſoule be brought to heare her anſwere
The accuſation, ſhe wo'd make that bluſh,
And force it to confeſſe a treaſon, to
Her honour, and your loue.
Beau. You did beleeue her.
Cap. I did, and promiſ'd her to do this ſeruice,
She begd of me at parting, if ſhe ſent
A letter, to conuey it to your hand,
Pray read, you know not what this paper carries.
Beau. Has ſhee acquainted you?
Cap. Not me, I gueſſe,
It is ſome ſecret, was not fit for my
Relation, it may be, worth your knowledge;
Do her that iuſtice, ſince you would not heare
What ſhe could ſay in perſon, to peruſe
Her paper.
Rea. It can bring nothing to take off
Th'offence committed.
Cap. Sir you know not
What ſatisfaction it contaynes;
Or what ſhe may confeſſe in't; for my ſake—— *Reads.*
Beau. To him that was—— what?
Confident of her Vertue
Once an admirer, now a mourner for
Her abſent goodneſſe; ſhe has made the change.
From her that was, would it become this paper
Had ſhe conſeru'd her firſt immaculate whitenеſſe,
It had beene halfe prophane, not to ſalute
Her letter with a kiſſe, and touch it, with
More veneration then a Sybils leafe;

But now all Ceremony must be held
A superstition, to the blotted scrole,
Or a more stained writer —— Ile not reade:
If vnprepar'd, she win with her Discourse,
What must she do, when she has time, and study,
To apparell her defence?
Cap. Deny her this.
Beau. Well, I will read it.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Here's Sir *Iohn Belfare.*
Beau. Say any thing t'excuse me, beet your care
That none approach the Chamber.
Cap. So, so, now vnrip the seale.

Enter Sir Iohn Belfare, Isaac.

Bel. Not speak with him, he must haue stronger guard
To keepe me out: where's *Beauford?*
Beau. Here.
Bel. Then there's a Villaine.
Beau. That's course language.
Bel. I must not spin it finer, till you make me
Vnderstand better, why my daughter, and
In her, my family is abus'd.
Beau. Shee has not then accus'd her selfe——Ile tell you,
I did expect your daughter would haue beene
My Virgin bride; but she reseru'd for me
The ruines of her honour, I wod not speake
I'the rude dialect, you may sooner collect,
An English.
Bel. Is she not honest, will you
Make her then a whore?
Beau. Not I, her owne sinne made her.

Bel.

Bel. Thou lyeſt, nor can my age make me appeare
Vnworthy a ſatisfactio from thy ſword.
Iſa. Does not he call my young miſtreſſe whore?
Bel. Keep me not from him Captain, he has in this
Giuen a freſh wound, I came t'expoſtulate,
The reaſon of a former ſuffering,
Which vnto this was charity, as thou art
A Gentle-man, I dare thee to the Combate:
Contemne not *Beauford* my gray haires, if t'haſt
A Noble ſoule, keepe not this diſtance; meete me,
Thou art a Souldier: for heauens ſake, permit me
Chaſtiſe the moſt vncharitable ſlander
Of this bad man.
Bean. I neuer iniur'd you.
Bel. Not iniur'd me? what is there then in nature,
Left, to be cald an iniury? didſt not mocke
Me, and my poore fond girle with marriage?
Till all things were deſign'd, the very day
When *Hymen* ſhould haue worne his ſaffron robe:
My friends inuited, and prepar'd to call
Her Bride; and yet, as if all this could not
(Summ'd vp together) make an iniury:
Does thy corrupted ſoule at laſt conſpire
To take her white name from her? ----giue me leaue
To expreſſe a Father, in a teare, or two,
For my wrong'd child. O *Beauford!* thou haſt rob'd
A father, and a daughter------but I wo not
Vſurpe heauens iuſtice, which ſhall puniſh thee
Aboue my weake arme; mayſt thou liue, to haue
Thy heart as ill rewarded, to be a father
At my yeares, haue one daughter, and no more
Belou'd as mine, ſo mock'd, and then cald Whore.
Cap. 'Las good old man. *Exit* Bel. Iſaac.
Bea. My afflictions
Are not yet numbred in my fate, nor I

Held ripe for Death.

Cap. Now read the Letter.

Beau. Yes, it cannot make me know more misery. *Reads.*

Beauford, *I dare not call thee mine, though I could not hope, (while I was living,) thou wouldst beleeue my innocense, deny mee not this fauour after Death, to say I once lou'd thee*——— ———

Ha death? Captaine is she dead?

Cap. I hope shee employd not me, to bring this newes.

Beau. Yes, Death——ha?

Prethee read the rest: there's something
In my eyes, I cannot well distinguish
Her small Characters.

Cap. *My Accuser by this time, knowes the reward of my iniury. Farewell, I am carrying my Prayers for thee to another World*—— *her owne Martyr, drown'd* Gratiana.

Beau. Read all.

Cap. I haue.

Beau. It cannot be, for when thou mak'st an end,
My heart should giue a tragicke period,
And with a loud sigh breake: drown'd!
Twas no sinne aboue heauens pardon,
Though thou hadst beene false,
To thy first vow, and me, I wed not had
Thee dyed so soone: or if thou hadst affected
That death, I could ha drownd thee with my teares,
Now they shall neuer find thee, but be lost
Within thy watery Sepulcher.

Cap. Take comfort.

Beau. Art dead?
Then here ile Coffin vp my selfe, vntill
The Law vnbury me for *Marwoods* death,
I wonot hope for life, mercy sha'not saue
Him, that hath now a pattent for his Graue. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Quarti. Scena Prima.

Enter Miliſent *and* Gratiana.

Mil. Tis his command to whom I owe all ſeruice,
I ſhould attend you.
Grat. Th'art too diligent:
I prethee leaue me.
Mil. I ſhould be vnhappy
To be offenſiue in my duty; yet
Had I no charge vpon me, I ſhould much
Deſire to waite.
Grat. On mee?
Mil. I know not why,
Your ſorrow does inuite me.
Grat. Th'art too young,
To be acquainted wo't.
Mil. I know, it wod not
Become my diſtance, to diſpute with you,
At what age, we are fitteſt to receiue
Our griefes impreſſion.
Grat. Leaue me to my ſelfe——
Mil. I muſt, if you will haue it ſo. *offers to go out.*
Grat. Me thought
I ſaw him drop a teare, come backe agen:
What ſhould he meane by this vnwillingneſſe
To part; he lookes, as he would make me leaue

My

My owne miſ-fortune to pitty his:
Thy name?
Mil. I am called *Miliſent.*
Grat. Doſt thou put on that countenance to imitate
Mine? or haſt a ſorrow of thy owne, thou
Wouldſt expreſſe by't.
Mil. Mine does become my fortune,
Yet yours does ſo exactly paint out miſery
That he, that wanted of his owne, would mourne
To ſee your picture.
Grat. Mine is aboue
The common leuell of affliction.
Mil. Mine had no example to be drawne by,
I would they were a kin, ſo I might make
Your burden leſſe by mine owne ſuffering.
Grat. I thanke thy loue.
Mil. And yet I propheſie,
There's ſomething would make mine a part of yours,
Were they examin'd.
Grat. Paſſion makes thee wild now.
Mil. You haue encouraged me to boldnes, pardon
My ruder language.
Grat. Didſt thou euer loue?
Mil. Too ſoone, from thence ſprung my vnhappines.
Grat. And mine.
Mil. My affliction riper then my yeares,
Hath brought me ſo much ſorrow, I doe not thinke
That I ſhall liue, to be a man.
Grat. I like thy ſad expreſſion, weele conuerſe
And mingle ſtories.
Mil. I ſhall be too bold.
Grat. Wee lay aſide diſtinctions, if our fates
Make vs alike in our miſ-fortunes; yet
Mine will admit no paralell: ha! we are interrupted:
Enter Iuſtice *reading a Letter.*
Lets with-draw, and ile begin. *Mil.*

Mil. You may commaund, and when
Your ſtories done, mine ſhall maintayne the Scene. *Exeunt.*
Iuſt. To maintayne ſuch bliſſe I will,
Wiſh to bee tranſ-formed ſtill:
Nor wilt bee a ſhame in loue, *reads,*
Since I imitate but *Ioue*;
Who from heauen hath ſtrayd, and in
A thouſand figures worſe then mine,
Woed a Virgin, may not I,
Then for thee a ſeruant trye:
Yes for ſuch a mayde as thee,
Vary as many ſhapes as hee;
Rawbone cloathes my out-ward part,
But thy liuery my heart:
Hauer, ha: young *Hauer*?
This Letter I found in my Daughters prayer Booke, is this your Saint? how long ha they conſpir'd thus? Report gaue out, hee was gone to trauaile: It ſeemes he ſtayes here for a Wind, and in the meane time would rigge vp my Daughter: hee is a Gentleman well educated; but his Fortune was conſum'd by a prodigall father, ere he was ripe, which makes him I ſuſpect; borrow this ſhape to court my Daughter; little does *Rawbone* thinke his ſeruaunt is his riuall: I finde the iugling, and will take order they ſhanot ſteale a marriage.

Enter Captayne.

Nephew, I ha newes for you.
Cap. For mee ſir.
Iuſt. You are a Souldier, there's a duell to
Be fought this morning, will you ſee't?
Cap. It does not ſir become a Gentle-man
To be ſpectator of a fight, in which
Hee's not engag'd.
Iuſt. You may behold it Coſen,
Without diſparagement to your honor; *Rawbone*
Has challeng'd Mr. *Lodam*, the place *Finſbury*—

Cap. They fight? a doubler, ſtuft with ſtraw, aduancing
A bull-ruſh, were able to fright em both
Out a'their ſences, tha'not ſoule enough
To skirmiſh with a field-mouſe; they poynt a duell?
At Hogſ-don, to ſhew fencing vpon Creame
And cake-bread, murder a quaking Cuſtard,
Or ſome ſuch daring enemy.
Iuſt. Did not
Affaires of weight compell me to be abſent,
I would not miſſe the ſight, on't; for the Vſurer
Hath got his man *Iaſper* t appeare for him
In his apparrell,
Cap. Iaſper. *Iuſt.* For mirths ſake
You may behold it, and let mee entreate,
At your returne, perfect relation
Of both their valours.
Cap. You ſhall Sir. *Iuſt.* And Coze—
If it be poſſible, procure em hither
Before they ſhift, I much deſire to ſee em.
Cap. Promiſe your ſelfe they ſhall: I will deferre
My conference with *Gratiana*, and
Intertayne this recreation.
Iuſt. So: I haue a fancy,
This opportunity will giue it birth,
If all hit right, it may occaſion mirth. *Exit.*

Enter Miliſent, *and* Gratiana.

Grat. Which part of my diſcourſe compels thee to
This ſuffering?
Mil. Your pardon Lady, I
Did propheſie what now I finde, our ſtories
Haue dependance
Grat. How prethee?
Mil. That *Marwood*
Whom you report thus wounded had a mere

Relation

Relation to me, and twas my fortune
To come to close his eyes vp, and receiue
His last breath.
Grat. Ha?
Mil. I know more then *Beauford*,
And dying he oblieg'd my loue to tell t'him
When ere wee met.
Grat. You beget wonder in me:
Did he suruiue his slander? there is hope
He did recant the iniury he did me.
Mil. He did confirme, he had enioy'd your person,
And bad me tell *Beauford* hee left behind
A liuing witnesse of the truth he dyed for:
Naming a Gentle-woman *Cardona*,
That bred you in your fathers house, whom he
Affirm'd, betray'd your body to his lust.
Grat. Cardona?
Piety has forsaken earth:
Was euer woman thus betray'd to sinne,
Without her knowledge?
Mil. Wo'd he had not beene
My kinsman, I beginne to feare him:
Grat. Wherein had I offended *Marwood*,
He should aliue, and dead so persecute
My fame? *Cardona* too i'the Conspiracy,
Tis time to dye then.
Mil. My heart mournes for you
In the assurance of your innocence,
And were I worthy to direct you——
Grat. Has, malice
Found out another murderer?
Mil. Would you be pleas'd to heare me, I could poynt
You out a path, would bring you no repentance
To walke in, if (as I am confident)
Your goodnesse feares not, what *Cardona* can

Accuſe your honour with, let her be
Examin'd, then her knowledge will quit you,
Or make your ſuffering appeare iuſt, this is
An eaſie triall, and ſince *Marwood* had
A ſtubborne ſoule, for though he were my kinſ-man
I preferre iuſtice, and held them, to checke
His owne report, women haue ſofter natures,
And things may be ſo manag'd, if there be
A treaſon, to enforce confeſſion from her:
Would you pleaſe t'imploy me in this ſeruice,
And though vnworthy be directed by me,
I begge it from you, ile engage my being
You ſhall finde comfort in't.

Grat. Doe any thing;
But I am loſt already.

Mil. You much honour me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lodam, *and* Cameleon.

Lod. Cam, ſee and if he be come yet, bring mee word hither.

Cam. I ſee one lying o'the ground ——

Lod. Is there ſo? lets ſteale way before we be diſcouered, I do not like when men lye perdue, beſide, there may be three or foure of a heape, for ought we know: lets backe I ſay.

Cam. Tis a horſe.

Lod. Hang him iade, I knew it could bee nothing elſe: is the coaſt cleare *Cameleon?* *Cam.* I ſee nothing but fiue or ſixe.

Lod. Fiue or ſixe: treachery! an ambuſh, tis valour to runne.

Cam. They bee Wind-mills.

Lod. And yet, thou wod'ſt perſwade me, twas an ambuſh for me.

Cam. I? *Lod.* Come thou wert afraide, and the truth were knowne; but be valiant: I haue a ſword; and if I doe draw, it ſhall —— be againſt my will: is he not come yet?

Cam. And hee were betweene this and *More-gate*, you might ſent him. *Lod.* If he come, ſome-body ſhall ſmell it ſauouredly, ere he and I part: —— ha! by this fleſh tis he; *Cam*, go tell him I am ſicke.

Enter

Enter Haue, Rawbone, *(hauing chang'd cloathes)* Captaine.

Hau. Maſter *Lodam.* *Lod* A brace of bullets to my heart.

Cap. Here can I ſtand and behold the Champions.

Lod. I haue expected you this two houres, which is more then I ha done to all the men I ha fought withall, ſince I ſlew the high Germaine in *Turke.*

Cap. Whorſon, moale-cather.

Lod. Draw Spider.

Cap. Well ſy toade.

Hau. Let vs conferre a little.

Lod. Conferre me no conferrings: I will haue no more mercy on thee, then an Infidell; and t'hadſt beene wiſe, thou mighteſt ha kept thee at home, with thy melancholy Cat, that keepes thy Study, with whom thou art in Commons, and doeſt feede on Rats a ſundayes; then perhaps a legge or an arme, with thy Iewes eares had ſatisfied me, when I met thee next: draw I ſay, why doeſt not draw?

Hau I come to giue you ſatisfaction.

Lod. What with words?

Sirra *Tartar*, my Foxe ſhall ſcratch thy guts out, which I will ſend to the Beare-Garden: Doeſt heare Vſuring dog, ile tell thee my reſolution. I doe meane to giue thee as many Wounds before I kill thee, as a Surgeons ſigne has; and when I am weary of skarrifying thy fleſh, ile bore thy heart —— which done: mark what I ſay; I will diuide thy quarters: obſerue and tremble; then will I ha thee put into a tub or Barrell, and powder thee, and after three dayes in pickle, this thing that was thy ſeruant, this Cacodemon whom thou didſt ſtaue once, *Cameleon*, ſhall in reuenge of his pitifull famine, eate thee vp, deuoure thee, and grow fat i'the ribs again with thy fleſh, *Mammon* ——

Cam. I hungrily thanke your Worſhip.

Raw. What haue I ſcapt? *aſide.*

Lod. Which is more, after thou art dead, I wonot leaue thy ſoule

soule quiet, ile torment thy Ghost: for I will streight to thy house where I will breake open thy Chests, lin'd with white and yellow mettle, which I will cast away on pious vses: then summon all thy debtors by a Drum, and giue em in, all their Bills, Bonds, Euidences, Indentures, Defesances, Morgages, Statutes.

Raw. I shall be vndone.——

Lod. And there were a million on em.

Raw. Ile home, and shut vp my doores, for feare he kill *Iasper* and vse me so indeede.

Cap. If thou doest offer to looke home agen, till they ha done, ile cut thee off at thigh.

Raw. Ah——

Lod. Draw I say.

Haw. Since there is no remedy.

Lod. His sword appeares *Cam.*

Cam. If he were a coward you were able to coniure a spirit into him, with those threatnings.

Lod. Pox a'my dulnes: dost heare scoundrell, if I should incline to mercy, what submission? ha? let mee see ----- I, I, liue, thou shalt vpon thy knees confesse thy rascality, and aske me forgiuenesse in priuate, in the presence of mistresse *Iane*, and the twelue Companies which at thy charge shalbe feasted that day, in *More-fields*. *Haw.* That must not be.

Lod. Then say when thou art dead, thou wert offred conditions for thy life: *Cam*, thou shalt feed, and feed high *Cameleon*,—— let me see; ----come tis my foolish nature to ha compassion o'thee, I know th'art sorry, shat onely confesse thy selfe a rascall vnder thy hand then, and stay my intended reuenge which else would ha beene immortall.

Haw. Let me consider. *Lod.* Oho *Cam.*——

Cap. Both cowards, we shall haue no skirmish.

Raw. Now I thinke on't, what if my man *Iasper*, should be valiant and kill *Lodam*——umh? what pickle were I in: worse-worse, hee'le runne away, I shall bee taken and hang'd for the Conspiracy. *Puls* Haue, *by the sleeue.*

Ah

Ah — *Iasper*, rogue that I was, where were my braines to challenge him —— he wonot heare — a ſtubborne knaue, he lookes as if he meant to kill: ah *Iasper*.

Cap. I ha ſeene a dogge looke like him, that has drawne a Wicker bottle, ratling about the ſtreetes, and leering on both ſides, where to get a quiet corner to bite his tayle off.

Raw. I doe imagine my ſelfe apprehended already: now the Conſtable is carrying me to New-gate —— now, now, Ime at the Seſſions houſe, i'the Docke: —— now I'me cald —— not guilty my Lord: —— the Iury has found the inditement *Bill vera* —— now, now comes my ſentence.

Haw. I am reſolu'd ſir.

Raw. Ha. —

Haw. You ſhall haue what acknowledgement, this pen of ſteele will draw out in your fleſh, with red inke, and no other, deare maſter *Lodam*.

Lod. How?

Cap. So, ſo.

Raw. Now I'me i'the Cart, riding vp *Holborne* in a two wheel'd Chariot, with a guard of Halberdiers: there goes a proper fellow ſayes one: good people pray for me: now I am at the three Wodden ſtilts. ——

Lod. Is this *Rawbone* the Coward?
Doeſt heare thing ——— conſider what thou doeſt, come among friends, thy word ſhall bee as good as a note vnder thy hand, tempt not my fury ——— wod I were off, with asking him forgiueneſſe.

Raw. Hey! now I feele my toes hang i'the Cart:
Now tis drawne away, now, now, now,
I am gone ——— *turnes about.*

Haw. You muſt ſhew your fencing.

Lod. Hold: I demaund a parlee.

Haw. How?

Lod. Tis not for your reputation to deale with a Gentle-man vpon vnequall termes.

Haw.

Han. Where lye the oddes?

Cap. Howe's this?

Lod. Examine our bodies:
I take it I am the fairer marke, tis a diſaduantage: feede til you be as fat as I, and ile fight w'ee as I am a Gentle-man.

Han. It ſhanot ſerue your turne. *Fights.*

Lod. Hold, murder, murder.

Raw. I'm dead, I'm dead.

Cap. Whorſon puffe-paſte, how he winkes and barkes:
How now Gentle-men, maſter *Lodam.*

Lod. Captayne, ſhud a come but a little ſooner, and ha ſeene good ſport, by this fleſh hee came vp handſomely to me; a pritty ſparke faith Captayne.

Han. How ſir?

Lod. But if you be his friend, runne for a Surgeon for him, I haue hurt him vnder the ſhort ribs, beſide a cut or two ith' ſhoulder: would I were in a Millars ſacke yonder, though I were ground for't, to be quit onem.

Han. You wonot vſe me thus?

Lod. I were beſt deliuer my ſword ere I be compeld too't.——a pritty fellow, and one that will make a ſouldier, becauſe I ſee th'aſt a ſpirit, and canſt vſe thy Weapon, ile beſtow a dull blade vppon thee Squirrell.

Cap. Deliuer vp your Weapon:

Lod. In loue in loue Captaine, hee's a ſparke a'my reputation, and worthy your acquaintance.

Han. Thou mully-puffe, were it not iuſtice to kicke thy guts out.

Lod. When I am diſ-arm'd.

Han. Take't, agen you ſpunge——

Lod. What? when I haue geent thee: tis at thy ſeruice, and it were a whole Cutlers ſhop: be confident.

Raw. My Ague has not left mee yet, there's a grudging o'the halter ſtill:

Cap. Maſter *Rawbone*, I repent my opinion of your Cowardize.

I ſee

I see you dare fight, and shall report it to my Cosen:
You shall walke home, shee'le take it as an honor,
And present your prisoner.

Raw. *Iasper*, lets go home and shift, do not go——honest *Iasper*.

Han. You will be prating sirra——Ile waite vpon you Captayne: Master *Lodam*——

Lod. I will accompany thee, th'art noble, and fit for my conuersation, honest master *Rawbone*——a poxe vpon you.

Cap. Nay, you shal waite a'your master with his leaue, good *Iasper*

Han. How now *Iasper*? *Exeunt.*

Musicke: A Table set forth with two Tapers: Seruants placing Ewe, Bayes, and Rosemary, &c.

Enter Beauford.

Beau. Are these the hearbes you strow at Funerals.

Seruant. Yes sir.

Beau. Tis well, I commend your care,
And thanke yee; yee haue expresst more duty
In not enquiring wherefore I commaund
This strange employment, there in the very
Act of your obedience: my chamber
Lookes like the Spring now? ha'yee not arte enough
To make this Ewe tree grow here, or this Bayes?
The embleme of our victory in Death?
But they present that best when they are wither'd:
Haue you beene carefull that no day breake in
At any Window, I would dwell in night,
And haue no other star-light but these tapers:

Ser. If any aske to speake with you,
Shall I say, you are abroad.

Beau. No, to all do enquire with busie faces
Pale or disturb'd, giue free accesse. *Exit Ser.*
What do I differ from the dead? would not
Some fearefull man or woman seeing me,

Call this a Church-yard, and imagine me
Some wakefull apparition 'mong the graues;
That for some treasures buried in my life,
Walke vp and downe thus? buried? no twas drownd,
I cannot therefore say, it was a cheſt,
Gratiana had nere a Coffin, I haue one
Spacious enough for both on's, but the waues
Will neuer yeeld too't, for it may bee they
Soone as the northerne Wind blowes cold vppon em,
Will freeze themſelues to marble ouer her,
Leaſt ſhe ſhould want a tombe:

Enter Keeper.

Thy buſineſſe.

Keeper. Hee dyed this morning:
A friend of his and yours did practiſe on him
A little Surgery, but in vayne; his laſt
Breath did forgiue you: but you muſt expect
No ſafety from the Law: my ſeruice ſir.

Beau. I haue left direction, that it cannot miſſe me:
And hadſt thou come to apprehend me for't?
With as much eaſe thou mightſt; I am no ſtates-man
Officious, ſeruants makes no ſutors waite
My doores vnguarded; tis no laborinth
I dwell in; but I thanke thy loue, there's ſomething
To reward it: iuſtice cannot put on
A ſhape to fright me.

Keeper. I am ſorry ſir,
Your reſolution carries ſo much danger. *Exit.*

Beau. What can life bring to me, that I ſhould court it:
There is a period in nature, iſt not
Better to dye and not be ſicke; worne in
Our bodies, which in imitation
Of ghoſts, grow leane, as if they woo'd at laſt
Be immateriall too; our blood turne ielly
And freeze in their cold channell, let mee expire

While

While I haue heat and ſtrength to tug with death
For Victory.

Enter Miliſent.

Mil. You may disburden there,
But gently, tis a cheſt of value, miſtreſſe ——
Ile giue him notice, where is *Beauford?*
Beau. Heere.
Mil. What place d'ee call this?
Beau. Tis a Bridall chamber.
Mil. It preſents horrour.
Beau. Ha you any thing
To ſay to me?
Mil. Yes.
Beau. Proceede.
Mil. I come to viſite you.
Beau. You are not welcome then.
Mil. I did ſuſpect it, and haue therfore brought
My aſſurance wo'me, I muſt require
Satiſfaction for a kinſmans death,
One *Marwood.*
Beau. Ha?
Mil. Your valour was not noble,
It was a courſe reward to kill him for
His friendſhip: I come not with a guard of
Officers to attach your perſon, it
Were too poore and formall, the inſtrument
That ſluc'd his ſoule out, I had rather ſhud
Sacrifice to his aſhes, and my ſword
Shall do't, or yours be guilty of another,
To waite vppon his ghoſt.
Beau. Young man be not
Too raſh without the knowledg how our quarrel
Riſe to procure thy ſelfe a danger.

Mil. Make it
Not your feare, I haue heard the perfect ſtory,
And ere I fight with thee ſhat ſee thy errour;
Acknowledge thou haſt kild a friend, I bring
A perſpectiue to make thoſe things that lye
Remote from ſence, familiar to thee, nay
Thou ſhat confeſſe thou knowſt the truth of what
Concernes him, or *Gratiana*.
Beau. When my ſoule
Throwes off this vpper Garment, I ſhall know all.
Mil. Thou ſhat not number many minutes, know
'Twas my miſ-fortune to cloſe vp the eyes
Of *Marwood*, whoſe body I vow'd neuer
Should to the earth without reuenge; or mee
Companion to his graue: I ha therefore brought it
Hither, tis in this houſe.
Beau. Ha?
Mil. His pale corpes
Shall witneſſe my affection.
Bea. Thou didſt promiſe
To informe me of *Gratiana*.
Mil. And thus briefly:
Marwood reueal'd at death another witneſſe
Of his truth, for *Cardona* hee corrupted
To betray *Gratiana* to him.
Beau. Ha *Cardona*!
Heauen continue her among the liuing.
But halfe an houre.
Mil. I ha ſau'd yee trouble,
Shee waites without, in your name I procur'd
Her preſence, as you had affaires with her
She's vnprepar'd, a little terrour will
Enforce her to confeſſe the truth of all things.
Beau. Thou doeſt direct well.
Mil. Still remember *Beauford*

I am thy lenemy, and in this doe but
Prepare thy conſcience of miſdeede to
Meete my iuſt anger.
Bea. I am all wonder. Milliſent *bring in*
Mal. He's now at opportunity. Cardona.
Car. Sir you ſent
To ſpeake with me.
Beau. Come neerer, I heare ſay
You are a Baud; tell me how goe Virgins
I'th ſinfull market: may I muſt know hell-cat
What was the price you tooke for *Gratianaes*:
Did *Marwood* come off roundly with his wages:
Tell me the truth, or by my fathers ſoule
Ile digge thy heart out.
Car. Helpe.
Beau. Let me not heare
A ſyllable that has not referrence
To my queſtion ——or——
Car. Ile tell you ſir:
Marwood ——
Beau. So.
Car. Did vitiouſly affect her:
Won with his gifts and flatteries, I promiſ'd
My aſſiſtance, but I knew her vertue was ſuch
To bee corrupted in a thought.
Beau. Ha.
Car. Therefore——
Beau. What d'ee ſtudy——
Car. Hold——I would deliuer
The reſt into your eare, it is too ſhameſull
To expreſſe it louder then a whiſper ——
Mal. With what vnwillingnes, we diſcouer things
Wee are aſham'd to owne: *Cardona* ſhudſt
Ha vſ'd but halfe this feare in thy conſent,
And thou hadſt nere beene guilty of a ſinne

Thou art so loath to part with, though it be
A burden to thy soule: how boldly would
Our innocence plead for vs; but shas done.
Beau. Then was *Gratianaes* honor sau'd.
Car. Vntouch'd.
Bea. Where am I lost: this story is more killing
Then all my iealousies: Oh *Cardona*
Goe safe from hence, but when thou com'st at home,
Locke thy selfe vp and languish, till thou dye
Thou shalt meete *Marwood*, in a gloomy shade,
Giue backe this salary, *Exit* Cardona.
Mil. Haue I made good
My promise, do you finde your errour.
Beau. No I ha found my horror------has the chast
And innocent *Gratiana* drown'd her selfe?
What satisfaction can I pay thy ghost?
Mil. Now doe me right sir.
Beau. Shee's gone for euer,
And can the earth still dwell a quiet neighbour
To the rough Sea, and not it selfe bee thaw'd
Into a riuer; let it melt to waues
From hence-forth, that beside th'inhabitants,
The very Genius of the World may drowne,
And not accuse me for her: Oh *Gratiana*.
Mil. Reserue your passion, and remember what
I come for.
Beau. How shall I punish my vniust suspition?
Death is too poore a thing to suffer for her:
Some spirit guide mee where her body lyes
Within her watery vrne, although seal'd vp
With frost, my teares are warme and can dissolue it,
To let in mee, and my repentance to her.
I would kisse her cold face into life agen
Renew her breath with mine, on her pale lip
I do not thinke, but if some artery

Of

Of mine were open'd, and the crimson flood
Conuay'd into her v ines, it would agree
And with a gentle glidi g steale it selfe
Into her heart, inlit ne her dead faculties,
And with a flattery, tice her soule agen,
To dwell in her faire tenement.
Mil. You loose
Your selfe in these wild fancies; recollect
And doe mee iustice.
Beau. I am lost indeede,
With fruitlesse passion: I remember thee
And thy designe agen; I must account
For *Marwoods* death ist not? alas thou art
Too young, and canst not fight, I wish thou wert
A man of tough and actiue sinewes, for
Thy owne reuenge sake, I would prayse thee for
My death, so I might fall but nobly by thee:
For I am burden'd with a weight of life-------
Stay, didst not tell me thou hadst brought hither
The body of young *Marwood*---——
Mil. Yes.
Beau. Since a mistake, not malice did procure
His ill fate, I will but drop one funerall
Teare vpon his wound, and soone finish
To doe thee right.
Mil. Yee shall. *A coffin brought in.*
Beau. Does this enclose his corpes? how little roome
Doe wee take vp in death, that liuing, know
No bounds? here without murmurring wee can
Be circumscrib'd, it is the soule, that makes vs
Affect such wanton, and irregular pathes;
When that's gone, wee are quiet as the earth,
And thinke no more of wandring: oh *Marwood*
Forgiue my anger, thy confession did
Inuite thy ruine from me, yet vppon------ *Opens.*

My

My memory forſake me, tis *Gratiana's*
Spirit, haſt thou left thy Heauenly dwelling
To call me hence? I was now comming to thee:
Or but commaund more haſt, and I will count it
No ſinne to ſtrike my ſelfe, and in the ſtreame
Of my owne blood to imitate how thou
Didſt drowne thy ſelfe.

Grat. I am liuing *Beauford.*

Beau. I know thou art immortall.

Grat. Liuing as thou art.

Beau. Good angels doe not mocke mortality.

Grat. And came——

Beau. To call me to my anſwere how I durſt
Suſpect thy chaſtity, ile accuſe my ſelfe
And to thy iniur'd innocence giue me vp
A willing ſacrifice.

Grat. Oh my *Beauford*, now
I am ouer-bleſt for my late ſufferings;
I haue ſollicited my Death with prayers:
Now I would liue to ſee my *Beauford* loue me.
It was thy friend induc'd me to that letter,
To finde if thy ſuſpition had deſtroy'd
All ſeedes of loue.

Beau. Art thou not dead indeede,
May I beleeue? her hand is warme,——ſhee breathes
Agen——and kiſſes as ſhe wont to doe
Her *Beauford*, art *Gratiana*? Heauen
Let me dwell here vntill my ſoule exhale.

Mil. One ſorrow's cur'd *Milſent* begone,
Thou haſt bin too long abſent from thy owne. *Exit.*

Bea. Oh my ioy rauiſht ſoule, but where's the youth
Brought mee this bleſſing? vaniſht *Gratiana*
Where is hee? I would hang about his necke
And kiſſe his cheeke, he wcnot leaue me ſo:
Gone? ſure it was ſome angell, was hee not,

Or

Or doe I dreame this happineſſe, wot not thou
Forſake mee to?

Grat. Oh neuer.

Bean. Within there--------

Bid the young man returne, and quickly, leaſt
My ioy aboue the ſtrength of natures ſufferance,
Kill me before I can expreſſe my gratitude:
Ha yee brought him?

Enter Officers.

Officer. Mr. *Beauford*, I am ſorry wee are
Commanded to apprehend your perſon.

Grat. Officers ha?

Officer. You are ſuſpected to haue ſlaine a
Gentle-man, one *Marwood.*

Bean. Haue I ſtill my eſſence ha?
I had a ioy was able to make man
Forget he could be miſerable.

Officer. Come ſir.

Bean. If ere extreamities did kill, wee both
Shall dye this very minute.

Grat. You ſhanot goe.

Officers. Our authority will force him.

Grat. Y'are villaines, murderers:
Oh my *Beauford!*

Bean. Leaue me *Gratiana.*

Grat. Neuer, ile dye with thee.

Bean. What can wee ſay vnto our miſery,
Sau'd in a tempeſt that did threaten moſt,
Arriu'd the harbour, ſhip, and all are loſt.

Officer. To the next Iuſtice. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quinti. Scena Prima.

Enter Sir Iohn Belfare.

Bel. Whether art fled *Gratiana*? that I can
Conuerſe with none to tell mee thou art ſtill
A mortall? taken hence by miracle?
Though angels ſhould intice her hence, to heauen,
She was ſo full of piety, to her father,
She would firſt take her leaue.

Enter Iſaac *and a* Phyſition.

Iſa. There he is ſir, he cannot chooſe but talke idly,
For he has not ſlept ſince the laſt great miſt.

Phi. Miſt?

Iſa. I ſir, his daughter, my young miſtreſſe went away in't, and we can heare no tale nor tydings of her, to tell you true, I would not diſgrace my old maſter, but hee is little better then mad.

Phi. Vnhappy Gentle-man.

Bel. Tis ſo, hee murder'd her;
For he that firſt would rob her of her honor,
Would or feare after-ward to kill *Gratiana*,
He ſhall be arraign'd for't; ------but where ſhall wee
Get honeſt men enough to make a Iury?
That dare be conſcionable, when the Iudge
Lookes on, and frownes vpon the Verdict, men
That will not be corrupted, to fauour
A great mans euidence, but preferre iuſtice
To ready mony? oh this age is barren——

Iſaac.

Phy. Maſter *Beauford's* newly
Apprehended for ſome fact, and carried
Fore *Iuſtice* Landby, in my paſſage hither
I met him guarded.

Bel. Guarded for what?

Phy. Some did whiſper hee had kild--------

Bel. Gratiana.

Oh my girle, my *Gratiana*, --------*Iſaac*, *Beauford* is taken, tis apparent he hath ſlayne my daughter, and ſhanot I reuenge her Death? Ile proſecute the Law with violence agaynſt him, not leaue the Iudge, till hee pronounce his ſentence, then Ile dye, and carry *Gratiana* the newes before him. Follow me-- *Exeunt.*

Enter Iuſtice Landby, *and* Iane.

Iuſt. I expect *Iane* thou wot reward my care
With thy obedience, he's young and Wealthy,
No matter for thoſe idle ceremonies
Of wit and court-ſhip.

Iane. Doe I heare my father?

Iuſt. He will maintaine thee gallant, City wiues
Are fortunes darlings, gouerne al, their husbands
Variety of pleaſure, and apparrell
When ſome of higher titles are oft faine
To pawne a Lady-ſhip: thou ſhat haue *Rawbone.*

Iane. Vertue forbid it, you are my father ſir,
And lower then the earth I haue a heart
Proſtrates it ſelfe, I had my being from you,
But I beſeech you, take it not away
Agen, by your ſeuerity.

Iuſt. How's this? I like it well. *aſide.*

Ian. You haue read many lectures to me, which
My duty hath receiu'd, and practiz'd, as
Precepts from heauen, but neuer did I heare
You preach ſo ill, you heretofore directed

My ſtudy to bee carefull of my fame,
Cheriſh deſert, plant my affection on
Nobleneſſe, which canonely be ſufficient
To make it fruiteſull, and d'ee counſell now
To marry a diſeaſe?
Iuſt. Good! my owne girle——
What iſt you ſayd? ha?
Iane. For the man himſelfe
Is ſuch a poore and miſerable thing——
Iuſt. But ſuch another word, and I take off
My bleſſing: how now *Iane*?
Ian. Alas, I feare
He is in earneſt, marry me to my graue,
To that you ſhall haue my conſent, oh do not
Enforce mee to be guilty of a falſe
Vow, both to Heauen and Angels; on my knees——
Iuſt. Humble your heart, rake and correct your ſullenneſſe,
I am reſolu'd, would you be ſacrific'd
To an vnthrift, that will caſt away his skinne,
Rather then want to ſtake at Ordinaries?
Conſume what I haue gatter'd at a breake-faſt,
Or mornings draught? and when you ha teem'd for him
Turne Semptreſſe to find milke and clouts for babies:
Foote ſtockings to maintaine him in the Compter?
Or if this fayle, erect a bandy Citadell,
Well man'd, which fortified with Ormy-Cannon
Tobacco pipes, may raiſe you to a fortune,
Together with the trade——
Iane. Oh my cruell ſtarres!
Iuſt. Starre me no ſtarres, ile haue my will——
Ian. One minute hath ruin'd all my hope, *Miliſent*
Was cruell thus to mocke me.

Enter Captayne, Hauer, Ladam, Rawbone, *and* Cameleon.

Cap. Vncle—— *Cap. and Iuſt. whiſper.*

Raw.

Iſa. You heare, how he talkes.

Bel But I ha found the way, tis but procuring
Acquaintance with the fore-man of the Iury,
The Seſſions bell-weather, he leades the reſt
Like ſheepe when hee makes a gap, they follow
In huddle to his ſentence.

Iſa. Speake to him ſir.

Phi. God ſaue you ſir *Iohn Belfare.*

Bel. I am a little ſerious——do not trouble mee.

Phi. D'ee not know me?

Bel. I nyther know, nor care for you, vnleſſe
You can bee ſilent.

Phi. I me your neighbour——

Iſa. Maſter Doctor——

Bel. Away foole.

Iſa. No ſir, a Phyſition.

Bel. A Phyſition? can you cure my daughter?

Phi. I ſir, where is ſhee?

Bel. Cannot you find her out by arte? a good
Phyſition, ſhud be acquainted with the Starres:
Prethee erect a figure, graue *Aſtronomer*,
Sh'at ha the minute ſhe departed; turne
Thy Ephemerides a little, ile lend
Thee *Ptolomy*, and a neſt of learned *Rabbies*
To iudge by: tell me whither ſhe be aliue,
Or dead, and thou ſhalt bee my Doctor, ile
Giue thee a round *per Annum* penſion,
And thou ſhalt kill me for it.

Phi. He has a ſtrange *De lyrium.*

Iſa. I ſir.

Phi. A *Vertigo* in's head.

Iſa. In his head.

Bel. What ſayes the Rauen?

Iſa. He ſayes, you haue two hard words in your head ſir.

Phi. Haue you forgot me ſir, I was but late

Familiar to your knowledge.
Bel Ha'your pardon gentle sir I know you now,
Impute it to my griefe, t'hath almost made mee
Forget my selfe.
Phi. I come to visite you.
And cannot but bee sorry, to behold
You thus afflicted.
Bel. Doctor I am sicke,
I'me very sicke at heart. losse of my daughter
I feare, will make me mad, how long d'oe thinke
Mans nature able to resist it, can
Your loue or arte prescribe your friend a Cordial?
No, no, you cannot.
Phi. Sir, bee comforted,
Wee haue our manly vertue giuen vs,
To exercise in such extreames as these.
Bel. As these? why do you know what tis to
Loose a daughter? you conuerse with men, that
Are diseas'd in body; punish'd with a gout
Or feauer: yet some of these are held
The shames of physicke, but to th'mind you can
Apply no salutary medicine:
My daughter sir, my daughter ——
Phi. Was too blame
To leaue you so, loose not your wisedome for
Your daughters want of piety.
Bel. Speake well
A'th dead, for liuing shee would not beabsent
Thus from mee, shee was euer dutifull
Tooke pleasure in obedience: oh my child,
But I haue strong suspition, by whom
She's made away. *Beauford*——
Phi. How?
Bel He that pretended marriage—he gaue her
A wound before.

Raw. *Iasper?* what case am I in?

Han. Be wise and keep your counsell, is not all for your honor?

Lod. Lady, I hope by this time, you are able to distinguish
A difference betweene *Rawbone* and my selfe.

Cam. I finde little.

Cap. You shall doe noble sir.

Iust. Mr. *Rawbone*, the onely man in my wishes:
My nephew giues you valiant, your merit
Ore-ioyes me, and to shew how much I value
Your worth my daughter yours, ile see you
Married this morning, ere we part, receiue him
Into your bosome *Iane*, or loose me euer.

Ian. I obey sir: will my father cozen himselfe?

Han. Ha, doe I dreame?

Raw. Dreame quotha, this is a pritty dreame.

Iust. Master *Lodam*, I hope you'le not repine at his fortune.

Raw. But *Rawbone* will pine, and repine if this be not a dreame?

Lod. I allow it, and will dine with you. *Cam.* And I.

Raw. *Iasper:* no, will no body know me?

Iust. Let's loose no time, I haue no quiet tell
I call him sonne.

Raw. Master *Iustice*, do me right,
You do not know who I am----I am----

Iust. An asse sir, Are you not? what make you pratling?

Raw. Sir,-------
Noble Captaine, a word, I am-----

Cap. A Coxecombe.
Your man is saucy sir.

Raw. Then I am a—— sleepe. *Cap.* I forget *Gratiana*

Iust. Cosen, you shall supply my place at Church, while I prepare for your returne, some guests wee must haue-------nay, nay haste, the morne growes old, wee'le ha't a Wedding day.

Han. Here's a blessing beyond hope.

Raw. Sure I am a sleepe, I will eene walke with'em till my dreame be out.

Enter

Enter Beauford, Officers, Marwoood *disguised*, Keeper, Gratiana.

Iust. Mr. *Beauford*, welcome and *Gratiana*—

Bean. You will repent your curteſie, I am
Preſented an offender to you.

Offs. Yes, and pleaſe your worſhip, he is accuſ'd. *Iuſt.* How?

Grat. Sir, you haue charity, beleeue em not,
They doe conſpire to take away his life.

Keeper. May it pleaſe you vnderſtand, he has kild
A Gentle-man, one *Marwood*, in our Parke,
I found him wounded mortally, though before
He dyed, he did confeſſe. *Bean.* Vrge it no farther,
Ile ſaue the trouble of examination,
And yeeld my ſelfe vp guilty. *Grat.* For heauens ſake
Beleeue him not, hee is an enemy
To his owne life; deare *Beauford*, what d'ee meane
To caſt your ſelfe away, y'are more vnmercifull
Then thoſe that doe accuſe you, then the Law
It ſelfe, for at the worſt, that can but finde
You guilty at the laſt, too ſoone for me
To bee deuided from you.

Bean. Oh *Gratiana*, I call heauen to witneſſe,
Though my miſ-fortune made mee thinke before,
My life a tedious and painefull trouble,
My very ſoule a luggage, and too heauy
For me to carry, now I wiſh to liue,
To liue for thy ſake, till my haire were ſiluer'd
With age; to liue till thou wodſt ha me dye,
And were a weary of me: For I neuer
Could by the ſeruice of one life, reward
Enough thy loue, nor by the ſuffering
The puniſhment of age and time, do pennance
Sufficient for my iniury, but my fate
Hurries me from thee, then accept my death
A ſatiſfaction for that ſinne, I could not

Redeeme

Redeeme aliue, I cannot but confeſſe
The accuſation.

Enter Sir *Iohn Belfare*, and Iſaac.

Bel. Iuſtice, iuſtice, I will haue iuſtice:
Ha *Gratiana*!

Grat. Oh my deare father ——

Bel. Art a liue, oh my ioy, it growes
To mighty for me, I muſt weepe a little
To ſaue my heart ——

Iſa. My young miſtreſſe aliue. *Exit*

Grat. If euer you lou'd *Gratiana*, plead for *Beanford*,
H'as beene abuſ'd, by a villaine, alls diſcouer'd,
W'aue renew'd hearts, and now I feare, I ſhall
Looſe him agen, accuſ'd here for the death
Of *Marwood*, that was cauſe of all our ſuffering.

Bel. I ha not wept enough for ioy *Gratiana*
That th'art aliue yet ——— I vnderſtand nothing
Beſide this comfort.

Grat. Deere ſir recollect,
And ſecond me.

Inſt. The fact confeſt, all hope
Wilbe a pardon ſir may be procur'd:
Sir *Iohn* ——— y'are come in a ſad time.

Grat. What is the worſt you charge him with?

Keeper. He has ſlaine a Gentle-man.

Inſt. No common treſpaſſe.

Grat. He has done iuſtice.

Inſt. How?

Grat. A publicke benefite to his Country in't.

Inſt. Killing a man? her ſorrow ouer-throwes
Her reaſon.

Grat. Heare me, *Marwood* was a Villaine,
A rebell vnto vertue, a prophaner
Of friendſhips ſacred lawes, a murderer
Of virgin chaſtity, againſt whoſe malice

Nor innocence could hope protection;
But like a Bird grip'd by an Eagles talent,
It growning dyes.
What punishment can you inflict on him,
That in contempt of nature, and religion,
Inforces breach of loue, of holy vowes?
Sets them at warre, whose hearts were married
In a full congregation of Angels:
I know you will not say, but such deserue
To dye yet *Marwood* being dead, you reach
Your fury to his heart, that did this benefit.
Beau. Oh *Gratiana* if I may not liue
To enioy thee here, I would thou hadst beene dead
Indeede, for in a little time, we shu'd
Haue met each other in a better World:
But since I go before thee, I will carry
Thy prayse along, and at my soule forget not,
What it hath lou'd, when it conuerst with men,
I will so talke of thee among the blest,
That they shall be in loue with thee, and descend
In holy shapes, to woe thee to come thither,
And be of their society doe not veile thy beauty
With such a shower, keepe this for traine,
To water some more lost, and barren garden,
Least thou destroy the spring, which nature made
To be a wonder in thy cheeke
Iust. Where is *Marwoods* body?
Mar. Here sir.
Omnes. A liue!
Mil. Ha *Marwood*?
Mar. A liue, as glad to see thee, as thou art
To know thy selfe acquitted for my death;
Which I of purpose by this honest friend,
To whose cure, I owe my life, made you beleeue,
Increase our ioy at meeting: for you Lady,

You

You are a woman,—— yet you might ha beene
Leſſe violent in your pleading, do not
Engage me paſt reſpects of mine, or your own honor.
Grat. Mine is aboue thy malice, I haue a breaſt
Impenetrable, gainſt which, thou t[illegible]ndly aymſt,
Thy arrowes, but recoile into thy boſome,
And leaue a wound.
Beau. Friend we haue found thy errour——
Mar. Let it be mine, we haue had ſtormes already.
Grat. Tell me iniurious man, for in this preſence
You muſt acquit the honour you accuſ'd,
Diſcharge thy poyſon here, inhumane Traytor——
Beau. Thou wo't a-ke her now to giueneſ, ſhe's al chaſtitie.
Mar. Why d'ee tempt me thus?
Bel. It was ill done ſir ——
Inſt. Accuſe her to her face.
Mar. So ſo, you ſee, I am ſilent ſtill.
Grat. You are too full of guilt to excuſe your trechery.
Mar. Then farwell all reſpects, and heare me tell
This bold and inſolent woman, that ſo late
Made triumph in my death.
Mil. Oh ſir proceede not,
You do not declare your ſelfe of generous birth,
Thus openly to accuſe a Gentle-woman,
Were it a truth.
Grat. He may throw ſoyle at heauen,
And as ſoone ſtaine it.
Mar. Sirra boy, who made you ſo peremptory
He would be whipt.
Mil. With what? I am not arm'd
You ſee, but your big language would not fright
My youth, were it be friended with a ſword;
You ſhould find then I would dare to proue it
A falſe hood, on your perſon.
Inſt. How now *Miliſent*?

Mar. Hath my loue made mee thus ridiculous?
Beauford, that you will ſuffer ſuch a boy
To affront me? then againſt all the world
I riſe an enemy, and defie his valour
Dares iuſtifie *Gratiana* vertuous.

Enter Iſaac, *and* Cardona.

Iſa. Beleeue your eyes.
Car. My daughter aliue?
Oh my deare heart.
Mar. You are come opportunely,
Cardona ſpeake the truth, as thou wouldſt not
Eate my poinard, is not *Gratiana*
A ſinneſull woman.
Mar. What meanes *Marwood*, ha?
Bel. I am in a labyrinth?
Car. Hold, I confeſſe ——
You neuer did enioy *Gratiana*. *Mar.* Ha?
Car. Let not our ſhame be publicke, ſir, you ſhall
Haue the whole truth, oh that my teares were able
To waſh my ſinne away---won with your promiſes,
I did, in hope to make my ſelfe a fortune,
And get a husband for my childe; with much
Blacke oratoury, woe my daughter to
Supply *Gratianaes* bed, whom with that
Circumſtance, you enioy'd, that you beleeu'd
It was the virgin you deſir'd. *Bel.* Is't poſſible?
Mar. I am at a confuſion, where's this daughter?
Car. She with the teare (as I conceiue) of her
Diſhonour, taking a few iewels with her,
Went from me, I know not whither, by this time
Dead, if not more vnhappy in her fortune.
Mar. Into how many ſinnes hath luſt engag'd me?
Is there a hope you can forgiue, and you,

And

And ſhe whom I haue moſt diſhonor'd
I neuer had a conſcience till now,
To be grieu'd for her, I will hide my ſelfe
From all the World. *Mil.* Stay ſir——
Gret. You heare this *Beauford*, father——
Beau. This ſhe confeſt to me, though I conceal'd
From thee the errour, *Marwood* dead, their ſhame
Would not ha giuen my life aduantage, now
We haue ore-come the malice of our fate:
I hope you'le call me ſonne.
Bel. Both my lou'd children.
Iuſt. I congratulate your ioy.
Mar. Beauford, Gentle-men,
This is a woman, *Lucibel* your daughter,
The too much inur'd maide: oh pardon me,
Welcom both to my knowledge, and my heart.
Car. Oh my childe.
Iuſt. My ſeruant proue a woman?
Bel. You'le marry her.
Mar. I ſhall begin my recompence:
Lead you to Church, we'le find the Prieſt more worke.
Iuſt. He has done ſome already, for by this time
I haue a daughter married to young *Hauer*,
That walk'd in *Rambones* liuery,——they'r return'd.

Enter Captaine, Hauer, Iane, Lodam, *and* Cameleon.

Hau. Father your pardon, though you meant me not
Your ſonne, yet I muſt call your daughter wife:
Here I reſigne my Citizen. *Bel.* Young *Hauer*.
Iuſt. My bleſſing on you both,
I meant it ſo: a letter tooke off this
Diſguiſe before; nay here are more couples,
Enough to play at Barly-break.
Raw. Maiſter *Lodam*, you and I are in Hell.

Lod. How?

Han. You and I are friends.

Lod. I knew by inſtinct, I had no quarrell to thee:
Art thou *Rawbone?*

Raw. I am not drunke------

Lod. No, but thou art diſguiſ'd ſhrewdly.

Raw. I wonot beleeue, I am awake:
This is not poſſible.

Beau. Leaue off to wonder Captaine.

Cap. Sure this is a dreame.

Raw. As ſure, as you are there Captayne, 'las wee doe but walke and talke in our ſleepe, all this while.

Bel. Away, away.

Lod. I to dinner bullies.

Raw. D'ee heare Gentle-men, before you go, does no-body know me? who am I? who am I?

Iuſt. You are maſter *Rawbone* ſir, that would haue married my daughter, that is now wife, I take it, to this Gentle-man, your ſeeming ſeruant.

Raw Dreame on, dreame on: *Iaſper*, make much a'the wench now th'aſt got her, am not I finely guld?

Han. I thinke ſo.

Raw. Dreame on together, a good ieſt yfaith, he thinkes all this is true now.

Cap. Are not you then, awake ſir?

Raw. No many am I not ſir.

Cap. What d'ee thinke a'that ſir. *kicket him.*

Raw. That ſir? now do I dreame that I am kickt.

Cap. You doe not feele it then.

Raw. Kicke, kicke your hearts out.

Lod. Say you ſo, let my foote be in too then.

Raw. Sure I ſhall crye out in my ſleep----what a long night tis.

Bel. Set on.

Lod. I, I, we may come backe, and take him napping.

Beau. Come *Gratiana*,

My

The VVedding.

My sonie best halfe, lets tye the sacred knot,
So long deferr'd, neuer did two louers,
Meet in so little time so many changes;
Our Wedding day is come, the sorrowes past
Shall giue our present ioy more heauenly tast. *Exeunt.*

Rawbone. *Epilogue.*

GEntle-men: Pray be fauourable to wake a Foole Dormant amongst yee; I ha beene kickt, and kickt to that purpose, may be, they knockt at the wrong doore, my braines are a sleepe in the Garret. I must appeale from their feete to your hands, there is no way but one, you must clap me, and clap mee soundly deere heare, I shall hardly come to my selfe else.

Oh since my case without you desperate stands,
Wake me with the loud Musicke of your hands. *Exit.*